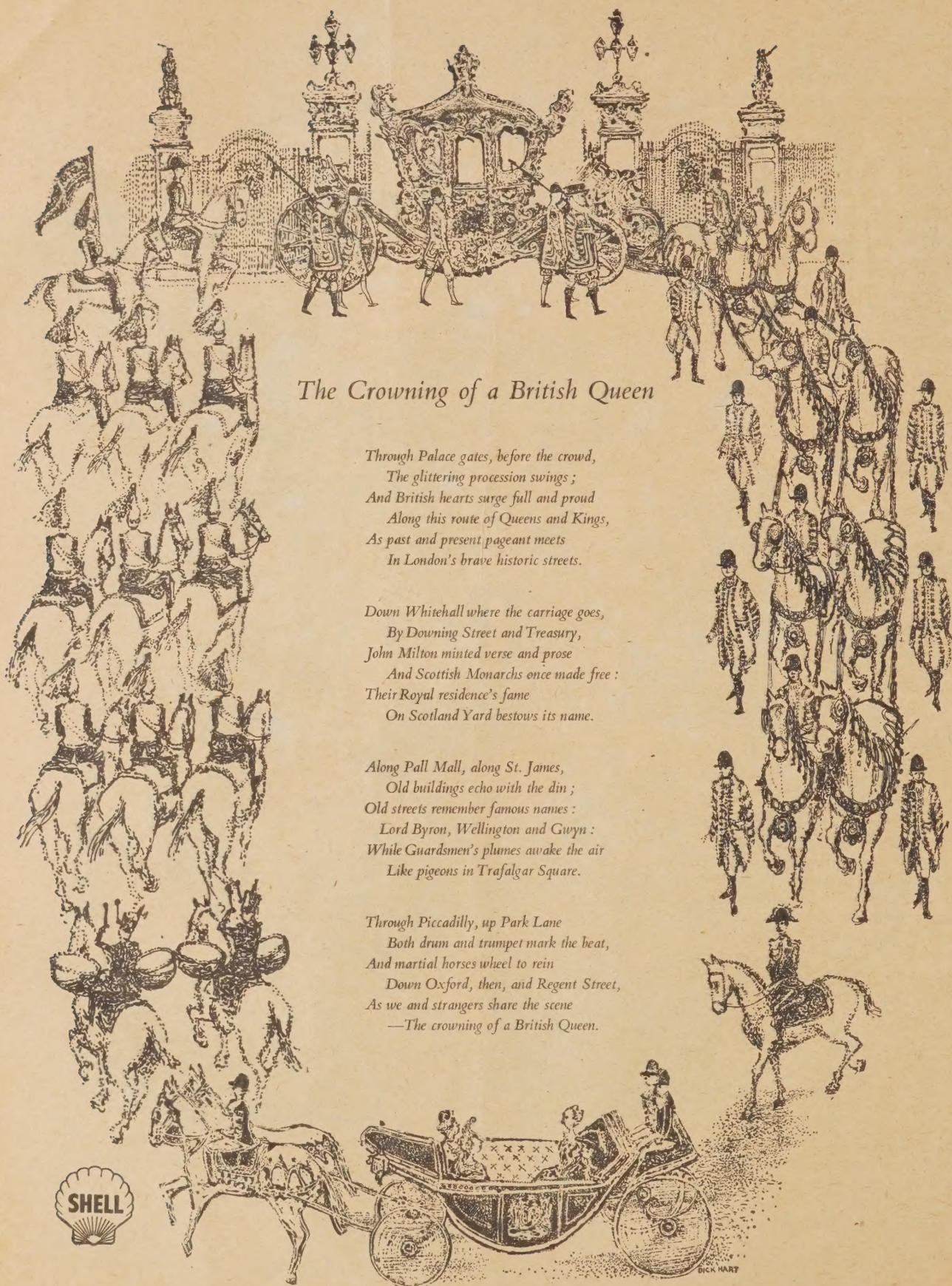


## Coronation Number





### *The Crowning of a British Queen*

*Through Palace gates, before the crowd,  
The glittering procession swings;  
And British hearts surge full and proud  
Along this route of Queens and Kings,  
As past and present pageant meets  
In London's brave historic streets.*

*Down Whitehall where the carriage goes,  
By Downing Street and Treasury,  
John Milton minted verse and prose  
And Scottish Monarchs once made free:  
Their Royal residence's fame  
On Scotland Yard bestows its name.*

*Along Pall Mall, along St. James,  
Old buildings echo with the din;  
Old streets remember famous names:  
Lord Byron, Wellington and Gwyn:  
While Guardsmen's plumes awake the air  
Like pigeons in Trafalgar Square.*

*Through Piccadilly, up Park Lane  
Both drum and trumpet mark the beat,  
And martial horses wheel to rein  
Down Oxford, then, and Regent Street,  
As we and strangers share the scene  
—The crowning of a British Queen.*





# The Listener

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## The New Elizabethan Age

By VIOLET MARKHAM

I WAS standing recently on the deck of the *Queen Mary* watching the sea in comfort and leisure as the great ship sped on her course from New York to Southampton. As I looked, I compared my lot with that of the Elizabethan seamen who sailed westward in their tiny ships across this same ocean, then unknown and uncharted. These men who took so great a hazard are the heroes of poem and story. They wrote a great chapter in the history of England in the age of the first Elizabeth.

Today we stand on the threshold of a new Elizabethan age. Can we look for a similar flowering of the spirit as in the sixteenth century? At first sight there seems little common ground between the two ages. The unhappy childhood of the first Elizabeth is far removed from that of our gracious young Queen. Elizabeth Tudor in her youth was often in peril of her life; treated sometimes as a bastard, sometimes as a princess, as the tortuous policy of the hour dictated. You may say that the England over which she ruled, with a population of between 4,000,000 and 4,500,000, can have little in common with a state of nearly 50,000,000 equipped with all the modern paraphernalia of science and machinery.

The first Elizabethans lived hard. The country was poor, with an economy based on a primitive agriculture. Food was often scarce. Folks often went hungry. Modern comforts were unknown. We should regard as intolerable the conditions of life that existed

even for the wealthy. There was no applied science, no medicine, no sanitation. The roads were atrocious and travel was difficult and hazardous. The progresses of Elizabeth I were very different from the voyages of her successor. Those progresses, with their legacy of so many bogus bedsteads in different parts of the country, were within limited range of London. I remember reading that the Queen on the occasion of a visit to Bristol gave thanks to God for her preservation from the perils of so great a journey. Yet underlying these obvious differences, I suggest to you that there are many things we share.

When Elizabeth Tudor ascended the throne, bankruptcy was a word as common on the lips of her counsellors as it has been in our day in Whitehall. The country was desperately hard up; exhausted by foreign wars and civil strife. Often it skirted the edge of ruin. The Elizabethans, like ourselves, lived for years under the pressure of a foreign power who menaced their existence. Spain was a peril as real to them as Russia is to us. But the outstanding resemblance, as I see it, between the two ages is the great revolution in ideas which is common to the sixteenth and to the twentieth centuries. Both are periods of mental dislocation, due to far-reaching changes in religion, science, and political theory.

For centuries the Catholic Church had provided a uniform framework of life and thought to which the whole of Europe



conformed. That uniformity had been shattered by Renaissance and Reformation, leaving a host of people puzzled and adrift. The Renaissance was a great secular movement which had broken up medieval habits of thought and life. Today we speak of a revolution no less great that has resulted from the amazing scientific discoveries of our own times. But surely Copernicus upset men's minds more fundamentally in the sixteenth century than Einstein in the twentieth? Think what it must have meant to our forefathers to find the whole cosmology tumbling about their ears; to find that the earth on which they dwelt was no longer the centre of the universe, round which the sun and the heavenly bodies revolved, but was an insignificant planet attached to a second-rate sun.

And it was not only from the scientific side that the Elizabethan mind was attacked—other ideas rushed in from other quarters to increase confusion and bewilderment. There was Montaigne who preached that man was not a divine being but formed part of the natural order like any other animal. Still worse, there was Machiavelli who taught that, so far from being divine, man was a weak and evil creature and that the only way to control him was by force and fraud. It is easy to see where Mussolini and Hitler went to school.

### Resurgence of National Life

But it is part of the greatness of the first Elizabethans that they did not allow perplexity or poverty or the menace of Spain to get them down. They rose up and struggled with these things. From that struggle came a great resurgence of national life that flowered in the supreme genius of Shakespeare and inspired a new spirit of adventure and exploration. British seamen went to the ends of the earth and, in Drake's historic journey, for the first time sailed round it. Behind all this new and eager life was the dominating figure of the Queen, with her mop of red hair, as a modern poet has said, 'riding the great white stallion England'. She was a true child of the Renaissance, competent, as occasion served, to deliver either an impromptu Latin oration or rap out a round of Tudor oaths. Thus she was the inspiration alike of the brave and the learned men of her reign. Her they loved and served though they served her often on hard terms.

Is there not both challenge and encouragement for us today in the memory of these things? We, too, of the second Elizabethan age have seen our world and many of its beliefs turned upside down. We, too, find ourselves shaken and bewildered. The bitter aftermath of two world wars has left a sour residuum. During the wars a hundred gallant deeds proved that the spirit of the people burnt as brightly as that of our forefathers. But with the end of the war (real peace there has been none), a great weariness has fallen on the nation. National purpose no longer flows in one main stream, but as though split up into a delta, and the sluggish waters of a delta tend to peter out in shallows and sandbanks. Youth is suspicious, even hostile, its energies often ill-directed. The whole economic basis of the nation has undergone a revolution, and many people have not as yet adapted themselves to the change.

The coming of the Welfare State has swept away a host of evils. But the Welfare State in its infancy has developed many ragged ends, and there is a sense of disillusion that it has not here and now created Utopia. Here I think we are unreasonable. I was born and brought up a Victorian, and looking back on a long life I rejoice in the great frontal attack made on poverty and disease. But we are too apt to forget that the Welfare State is not an end in itself. It is only a means to a greater end, that of the good life. There is nothing new about the ideal of the good life; it is as old as the days of Plato. We have swept the decks clear of the debris of centuries, we have established a reasonable standard in health, housing, education, and in wages. But let us at our peril stop half way at the present point, and think the job is done. Sitting back on a minimum standard of life secured by taxation and controlled by a bureaucracy, is not the good life. It is a travesty of it. And this links on with loss of will to work hard and honestly, and with

a decline in pride of craftsmanship. To make the Welfare State worthy of the name, we have yet to release new sources of energy, enterprise and intellectual curiosity, and these in turn depend on a deeper sense of moral and spiritual values in the individual.

### A Lost Motive Force

The first Elizabethans made of their age a great age. So too can we if we bring the same spirit to the task. I do not want to romanticise the first Elizabethans. Spreading a velvet cloak over the mud for the Queen to step on must have been a rare gesture—luckily for the cloaks. The period included many ruffians living on their wits, and also numerous hard-headed men with a keen eye for the main chance. There were all sorts, then as now. But behind all this, there was a motive force which we in large measure have lost. In the reign of the first Elizabeth the questioning, analytical strain of the Renaissance mingled with the powerful religious stream of the Reformation. Whatever the controversies of the hour, the English of the period, whether Catholic or Protestant, felt a deep concern for religion. It is recorded that even the sailors on the vessel of a rough buccaneer like Sir John Hawkins met on deck morning and evening to serve God. In a rapidly changing world, the Elizabethans still held that man formed part of an ordered state under divine guidance.

Can we say as much for ourselves today? Have not most people lost that sense of forming part of an ordered world under divine guidance which was the strength of an earlier age? Is not the present malaise of which we must all be conscious mainly due to the fact that we have, in large measure, ceased to serve God?

I believe our greatest need today is to recover this sense of spiritual direction. We must raise the sights higher for old and young alike. Youth will respond to the right leadership if it is forthcoming. But we older people cannot expect youth to respond to ideals which we in practice neglect, or to a call to adventure when we at heart are pessimists. Let us have done with unworthy murmurs that we, with our great past and great traditions, are now a second-class power because we have fewer ships and soldiers than our neighbours to east and west. A nation that had the enterprise during the last war to carry through a fantastic scheme like 'Mulberry': to manufacture a prefabricated harbour, to tow it across the Channel, to anchor it on an enemy coast and land troops from it under fire—such a nation has reserve powers of will and imagination as great as any shown in the sixteenth century. Come an emergency like the recent disastrous floods and all minor noises are hushed. A note of national purpose at once is heard which rings clear and true. The new Elizabethan age with its own pattern and ideas can be as great as any that went before. To the crowning of our Queen this year let us bring the determination that it shall be so.

### Faith in a Divine Order

But to carry out these adventures there must be faith—in the broadest sense of the word: faith not in any particular church or creed, but in the existence of a divine order which in the end will make a perfect whole of the broken arcs. There is only one way to test the validity of that belief, namely, to try it out and find whether or not it brings greater purpose, happiness, and serenity into life. Life is a mysterious adventure, and at times the path is very dark and its direction obscure. But, after all, it is a well-trodden path and wise and great souls have left their testimony to light the way for those of us who follow after.

In a fragment found in the sands of Egypt it is said:

Let not him who seeks cease until he finds and when he finds he shall be astonished; astonished he shall reach the Kingdom and having reached the Kingdom he shall rest.

And the words of an earlier prophecy answer back:

Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.

—Home Service



# The Monarchy and the Microphone

By ROGER FULFORD

**T**HE first conception of a royal broadcast—or at least the seed from which it could be argued that the modern broadcasts have developed—can be traced right back to Queen Victoria. In 1898 that illustrious Sovereign spoke into a phonograph a brief, complimentary message to the Emperor of Abyssinia. This little speech amounted to some sixty words. The cylinder, on which the message was spoken, was sealed and despatched to Abyssinia. The Emperor received it with some ceremony, rising when it was played over to him and ordering an accompaniment of an artillery salute. When he had listened several times to the record, the Emperor said that he greatly appreciated the honour since he had himself tried to speak into a phonograph, and he knew what a lot of trouble was entailed. He then played it over to the Empress, who recognised her name in the message and said, 'She says my name'. The Emperor expressed his surprise that the voice of the Queen should have been so clear and distinct. The cylinder was then broken into pieces.

Although thirty-four years were to pass before Queen Victoria's grandson was to make the first of his Christmas broadcasts, some of the elements on which the success of those personal contacts through the spoken word was based will be observed in this highly primitive experiment of 1898. The exceptional dignity with which the voice of the Sovereign is received is characteristic alike of the Abyssinian court and the Empire relay with which a modern royal broadcast is preceded. Like Emperor Menelek of Abyssinia many of the older generation of listeners rose to their feet in 1932 when the voice of their Sovereign came into their homes. Like the Emperor many listeners have been struck by the clear diction and agreeable *timbre* of the voices of the English Royal Family.

The first official broadcast talk by a member of the English Royal Family was made by the then Prince of Wales in 1922—on October 7. He had lately returned from a comprehensive and exacting tour of the Far East, and he was due on that day to attend a rally of boy scouts in the park surrounding Alexandra Palace. (This was, of course, long before the palace had any connections with broadcasting.) Some 60,000 boy scouts gave the Prince a tumultuous welcome. In addition there were inevitably thousands throughout the country who could not attend, and it was to them that the Prince decided to send a message. He spoke from his apartments in St. James's Palace, where he was connected by land-line to Marconi House. The Wireless Society of London, to which all local wireless societies were affiliated, arranged that where it was possible their members should invite scouts to their homes for the broadcast. There were at that time only 18,000 licensed wireless listeners throughout the country. That was a very early and interesting experiment in a broadcast talk. In those primordial times critics of the style of a broadcaster hardly existed and no reference seems to have survived of the manner of the talk. All that was expected of a talk was that it should be clear, and there was still a feeling of surprise and gratification that it could be heard at all.

Although from 1922 onwards the popularity of wireless advanced rapidly, the official reaction to it was more leisurely. Six months after the Prince's broadcast, King George VI married and the enlightened Dean of Westminster—Dean Ryle—looked favourably on the idea of broadcasting the service. However, the proposal was vetoed by the somewhat curmudgeonly canons who comprised the Chapter at that time. The opening of the British Empire Exhibition in 1924 marked the time when a royal occasion was first fully covered by radio. King George V's speech was broadcast and was heard by millions of listeners. A record of the speech was made, and the King said that the chairman of the gramophone company concerned and the managing director of the B.B.C. should decide whether the result was good enough to justify the record being published. It certainly was good enough.

For the next few years many speeches of King George were broadcast, notably at the consecration of Liverpool Cathedral later in 1924, when the managing director of the B.B.C., still not unnaturally

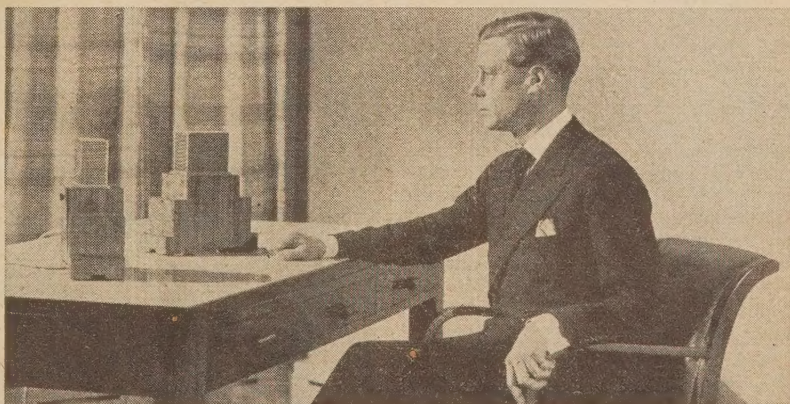
concerned with reception, telegraphed to the Lord Mayor: 'His Majesty's speech and your own strong and clear'. The King's speeches, which were broadcast, followed a uniform pattern of about two a year until his illness in 1928. After that his first broadcast speech was the opening of the Naval Conference in 1930, when an attempt was made to broadcast it throughout the world. But unhappily all that reached India was 'a loud, brassy roaring'.

From 1924 it was recognised that any important speech by the Sovereign should be broadcast, and once it was established that it really would come through all right, these speeches placed no additional strain on the speaker and called for no particular technique. All recognised that it could be only a question of time before the Sovereign progressed from the formality of a ceremonial speech which happened to be also broadcast to the informality of a broadcast talk to his subjects.

Those who have studied the inner working of the eventful 1920s



King George V broadcasting from Sandringham on Christmas Day, 1934



The Duke of Windsor (then King Edward VIII) broadcasting from a B.B.C. studio on March 1, 1936



and 1930s have long recognised the sway over our affairs which was enjoyed by a small circle outside the official Government—namely the Archbishop of Canterbury, the editor of *The Times*, and the King's private secretary, Lord Stamfordham. Possibly the controlling force in Broadcasting House at that time could also lay a claim to inclusion in this junta. Certainly as Lord Reith tells us in his autobiography he first made the suggestion for a royal broadcast in 1927, proposing that the King should speak a Christmas message that year. Nothing came of this, but after the King's recovery from his illness in 1929 the question was again raised and was discussed between Lord Reith and Lord Stamfordham, and between the latter and the Archbishop. The matter was not then pressed further, probably because the King's recovery was slow. However, three years later the King with Queen Mary visited Broadcasting House and the suggestion was again made, and the first of King George's broadcast talks took place that Christmas from Sandringham. On that afternoon's programme Lord Reith has commented: 'It was the most spectacular success in B.B.C. history thus far'. King George V always used his own personal microphone.

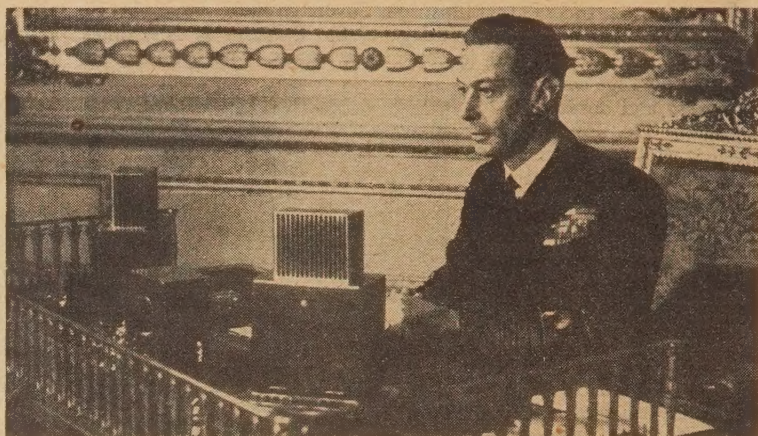
The strange and significant point in this landmark in British broadcasting history is that the innovation should have been made by King George V. Of all our recent sovereigns he was the least addicted to change—his clothes, his food, his conception of social life all were bounded by what had prevailed in the days of his father. Yet not the least touching ingredient in his character was that these stubbornly held prejudices disappeared in the face of duty. With characteristic precision he noted in his journal 'At 3.35 I broadcasted a short message of 251 words'. In his admirable personal biography of the King Mr. John Gore tells us that King George was always intensely nervous before speaking, and he did not hesitate to say that his broadcasts spoiled his Christmas Day. But like every successful speaker at the microphone he took an infinity of pains, speaking in frank and simple language which was a reflection of his personality. Although King George made only four broadcasts at Christmas, together with one after the Silver Jubilee, he was properly acclaimed as a master of the technique—so that it was not wholly ridiculous when an eminent publicist urged that his memorial should take the form of a microphone in stone.

When the historian of the future comes to survey the events leading up to the abdication of King Edward he will undoubtedly pay attention to the place of broadcasting in the tangled story of 1936. King Edward first broadcast as King on Sunday, March 1, and unlike his father he used the ordinary equipment of the B.B.C., speaking from the studio. Before his talk *The Times* published a leading article in which can be detected the first far-distant rumbles of the storm. After extolling the excellence of King George as a broadcaster and complimenting King Edward on his first appearance at a public function as King the article went on: 'But there is a vast difference between a public appearance and a broadcast talk. The talk is at once more general and more particular'. While the meaning of the last sentence is unfathomable its implications are not friendly to the King. Perhaps *The Times* knew that rather than submit his talk to the unimaginative blue pencil of the Home Secretary (Sir John Simon)—for by custom the Government approves in advance what the Sovereign is to say in any broadcast—the King was introducing a surprise epilogue of his own composition. This was the reference to his being the same man (although now the King) who as Prince of Wales had had the chance of getting to know almost every country in the world. The significance of that passage, which did not find favour in official circles, was that the office had not changed the man.

King Edward's next broadcast was his last, made on this occasion from Windsor Castle. At the time it was calculated that 50,000,000 people heard this talk which was radiated by 130 stations in the United States.

A facsimile of the script, with the speaker's markings, is reproduced in the Duke of Windsor's memoirs. This is the only script not preserved in the Royal Archives at Windsor.

The finer shades of King George VI's character are nowhere more clearly revealed than in his broadcast talks. He wisely decided to attempt nothing the Christmas of 1936 (which was only a few days after his accession), but to make his first talk after his Coronation. He did this from Buckingham Palace, and to help him to grapple with his stammer the late Mr. Lionel Logue was in the room with him. He spoke again from Sandringham on Christmas Day, 1937, and on the suggestion of the Prime Minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, he included



King George VI broadcasting from Buckingham Palace on Christmas Day, 1944

a sentence about his father 'I cannot aspire to take his place—nor do I think you would wish me to carry on a tradition [the Christmas Day broadcasts] so personal to him'. This was a misreading of what the public wished, for the tremendous events lying just ahead made the King a frequent and always welcome broadcaster. He gained confidence, and his talks were soon made without Mr. Logue, and they always were marked by that deep affinity with religion which animated the King's life. And perhaps nothing more clearly revealed the King's devotion to duty than his last Christmas broadcast which could be recorded only at short stretches of a minute or two because of the strain on his voice following his serious operation.

The power of the microphone as a buttress to the British monarchy has proved almost incalculable. While it may be true that a careful

analysis of the broadcasts of King George V, his son, and his granddaughter would reveal that—as far as matter goes—they lack the ingredients of success since there is nothing arresting or novel in what is said, yet they more than make up for that by their simplicity and obvious sincerity. Indeed, it is possible that in a serious clash between the Crown and the Government, the use of the microphone might prove decisive, and that was no doubt the reason why the Baldwin Cabinet refused to allow King Edward to broadcast, as he wished to do, during the Abdication crisis. While this point may now be of only historic and academic interest, it is none the less fascinating evidence of the mighty force of this development since it was hesitatingly started twenty-one years ago.

Queen Elizabeth, who has inherited from her mother a beautiful speaking voice, is well endowed to maintain and expand the family tradition. By making her coming-of-age broadcast to the Empire from Cape Town she showed how the royal broadcast, as her grandfather emphasised in the first of his Christmas talks, 'offers us immense possibilities' to make the unity of the Commonwealth even stronger.



The Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) broadcasting from Cape Town on her twenty-first birthday



# The Coronation Rite

By Canon CHARLES SMYTH

**A**N eye-witness account of the Coronation of King George III and Queen Charlotte, which appeared in the *Annual Register* for 1761, contains this passage: 'I cannot but lament that I was not near enough to observe their Majesties performing the most serious and solemn acts of devotion; but I am told that the reverent attention which both paid, when (after having made their second oblation) the next ceremony was their receiving the Holy Com-

union, it brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the consecrated place in which they were'.



The crowning of King George VI

mun, it brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the consecrated place in which they were'.

Many of you, I expect, will know the story of how, as the King was about to receive the Blessed Sacrament, he enquired of the Archbishop of Canterbury whether he should not lay aside his crown. The Archbishop consulted the Dean of Westminster, but neither of them could say whether there was any rule about this. King George then took off his crown, saying, 'There ought to be one'; and he wished Queen Charlotte to do the same, but her crown was fastened to her hair.

What is probably less familiar is the following anecdote from Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall's *Historical Memoirs of My Own Time*:

Towards the end of the month of January 1805, at a time when [King George] was much occupied in preparations for the Installation of the Knights of the *Garter*, destined to take place on the approaching Twenty-Third of April: and while conversing on the subject with some persons of high rank, at Windsor; one of them, a Nobleman deservedly distinguished by his favour, said, 'Sir, are not the new Knights, now meant to be installed, obliged to take the Sacrament before the ceremony?' Nothing could assuredly have been further from his idea or intention, than to have asked the Question, in a manner capable of implying any levity or irreverence. Nevertheless, His Majesty instantly changed countenance; and, assuming a severe look, after a moment or two of pause, 'No', replied he, 'that religious Institution is not to be mixed with our profane ceremonies. Even at the time of my Coronation, I was very unwilling to take the Sacrament. But, when they told me it

was indispensable, and that I must receive it; before I approached the Communion Table, I took the Bauble from my head. The Sacrament, my Lord, is not to be profaned by our Gothic Institutions'. The severity of the King's manner when he pronounced these words, impressed all present, and suspended for a short time, the conversation.

Nevertheless, King George III was under a misapprehension: for the entire solemnity of the Coronation, from start to finish, is distinctly a religious rite. It is indeed the product of a long historic evolution; and it includes certain actions—the recognition, the oath, the crowning, investiture, and inthroning of the Sovereign, followed by the homage of the Lords spiritual and temporal—which may be described as 'secular' in the sense that they do not obviously require to be done in church; as well as other actions—the Anointing and the Holy Communion—which may be described as 'ecclesiastical', in the sense that they could not suitably be done except in church. But the way in which these different elements are dovetailed into one another in the English Coronation rite, and the fact that it is the Archbishop of Canterbury—and not (for example) the Prime Minister or the Lord Chancellor—who presents the monarch to her people at the recognition, and subsequently places the crown upon her head, shows that the distinction between secular and sacred in this context is artificial and illusory, seeing that the whole meaning and purpose of the rite is an act of solemn dedication whereby the Sovereign dedicates herself not only to the service of her realms and territories but primarily to the service of God, from whom in return she receives the grace of the Holy Spirit to enable her to fulfil the duties of the station to which God has called her: and, what is more, she dedicates to His service not only her own life, but dedicates together with her the peoples over whom she reigns. It is not for nothing that above the high altar of the Abbey church is inscribed the text: 'The kingdoms of this world are become the Kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ'. Nor it is without significance that ever since the revision of the service by Henry Compton, Bishop



The homage of the Lords Spiritual at the Coronation of King George VI



of London, in 1689, the greater part of the actual Coronation order—the Anointing, the crowning, the investiture, the enthroning, and the homage—has been inserted within the framework of the Communion Service, between the Creed and the offertory. Bishop Compton probably did this in order to prevent any possible repetition of King James II's separation of coronation from Communion in 1685: but the analogy between our present Coronation service and the Form of Ordaining or Consecrating of an Archbishop or Bishop in the *Book of Common Prayer* is very striking, and has often been remarked.

### First English Coronation Service

Some of you may have seen the so-called Coronation Stone at Kingston-on-Thames, upon which several of the Anglo-Saxon kings of England were enthroned. But this was not a religious ceremony. The first English coronation service that may properly be so called was compiled by St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, for the Coronation of King Edgar in Bath Abbey on Whitsunday, 973. This rite, drawn up almost 1,000 years ago, is the basis of the Coronation service as we know it today. Dunstan, who had spent some years in exile on the continent, borrowed freely from other European Coronation rites. The Crown was the imperial diadem of the Eastern Emperor: the royal Coronation vestments—the *Colobium Sindonis*, the *Supertunica*, the *Loros* or stole, and the Imperial Mantle—are also Byzantine. The investiture with the ring, the sword, the sceptre and the rod, was copied from the Frankish Coronation rite. So also, most important of all, was the Anointing.

There was a precedent for this last in Anglo-Saxon usage: for, according to the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, in the year 787, Offa, King of the Mercians, designated his son Ecgrith as his successor, and caused him to be anointed with oil. Now, thirty-six years earlier, Pepin, King of the Franks, who had deposed the legitimate occupant of the throne, had had himself elected and enthroned at Soissons in 751, and furthermore was ceremonially anointed by the Archbishop of Mainz (who was an Englishman from Crediton, the great missionary and martyr, St. Boniface), assisted by Frankish Bishops. Three years later, in 754, King Pepin was anointed a second time in St. Denis by the Pope himself, and his two sons were anointed with him as his successors. It is clear that what King Offa did in 787 was done in imitation of this. It is equally clear that Pepin's object was to reinforce a highly disputable title to the Frankish throne, and to secure the succession for his sons (one of whom has gone down to history as Charlemagne), by means of a supernatural sanction imitated from the Old Testament.

When you listen to the broadcast of the Coronation service on June 2, you will hear the anthem: 'Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king; and all the people rejoiced and said, God save the King! Long live the King! May the King live for ever! Amen. Hallelujah!' Those words are taken from the First Book of the Kings, chapter I, verses 39 and 40: and they were sung at the Anointing of King Edgar in 973. For the early Hebrew monarchs were not crowned: they were anointed with holy oil. What is more, having been so anointed, they discharged various priestly functions. Saul regards it as his right to offer sacrifice, perhaps David also: David wears the linen ephod, a priestly vestment: David and Solomon bless the people. What doubtless weighed more with Pepin was the fact that the person of the anointed king was sacrosanct: such texts as 'The Lord forbid that I should put forth mine hand against the Lord's Anointed' were extremely useful, and were indeed, as we know, to do yeoman service during the Stuart period of our own history.

### 'The Divinity of Kings'

It may be noted that the Jewish king was anointed in common not only with the priests but also with the sacred pillars and the altar: there is a marked suggestion of divine possession and divine indwelling. And behind all this, and behind the more obvious deification and cultus of the monarch in the surrounding nations, there lies something still more primitive: the conception of the King's Majesty. 'The earliest known religion is a belief in the divinity of kings' (Hocart). The conventional form of address—'Your Majesty'—is a direct survival of the method by which men attempted to communicate with the god or divine spirit through the king in whom he dwelt. The royal plural, 'We', has corresponding implications: 'My Majesty and I'.

Here we find ourselves in the mysterious borderland between religion and superstition: but remember that superstition is often an uninformed

and clumsy groping after an authentic religious truth. Certainly there was a good deal of popular superstition in the Middle Ages regarding the effect of the Anointing in the Coronation ceremony. At the end of the tenth century, King Robert the Pious of France, the second king of an usurping dynasty, introduced the practice of Touching for the Evil—that is, of curing scrofula by the touch of his anointed hand: and this was plagiarised by King Henry I of England, also an usurper, although Henry was careful to father it on King Edward the Confessor, as you may remember from 'Macbeth', Act IV, scene 3. The last English sovereign to practise it was Queen Anne, who touched, among others, a small boy from Lichfield named Samuel Johnson. In France it was brought to an end by the Revolution. This, like the royal blessing of cramp rings on Good Friday, is a mysterious subject, and I mention it only to remind you of the superstitious veneration with which a medieval monarch was regarded, and to illustrate the difficulties experienced by disaffected barons when endeavouring to 'wash the balm from an anointed king'.

The underlying truth is that the Anointing, which is the central feature of the English Coronation rite, impresses upon the Sovereign a special character. In the Middle Ages, we find the King described as *persona mixta*, partly lay and partly sacerdotal, and even as *Rex et Sacerdos*, king and priest. So late as 1647, Sir Henry Spelman wrote: 'The Kings of England, being before their Coronation merely Lay persons, were by their consecration made *candidati Ecclesiasticae potestatis*, and admitted to the administration thereof: for to what purpose was Consecration ordained, but to make secular things to belong unto the Temple, and Lay persons to become sacred and Ecclesiastical?' All this, for fairly obvious reasons, had been passionately debated in the course of the previous 600 years. But we now realise that, on the one hand, the Anointing conveys no priestly character ('We give not to our Princes the ministering either of God's Word, or of the Sacraments'), yet on the other hand it does convey a special gift of the Holy Spirit for a special function in God's Church and Kingdom. For the particular sacramental gifts of the Holy Spirit are always functional, whether in confirmation, ordination, consecration, or coronation, and are bestowed to help us in our particular calling, whether as a layman in the Church of God, or as a priest, a bishop, or a Queen.

I have ventured to concentrate upon this feature of the Coronation service, not only because it has been the heart of it for 1,000 years, but also because there was a time when its significance was so far forgotten that King George III could speak of 'our profane ceremonies', and in 1838 *The Times* newspaper, in discussing the forthcoming Coronation of Queen Victoria, remarked that 'the anointing is a part of the ceremony more recommended by antiquity than delicacy, and will probably be omitted altogether'. Indeed it is only in the present century that its significance has been rediscovered.

### A Flexible Ceremony

I have not attempted here to tell how, after a long constitutional struggle which is a great part of our history, the danger of abuse of the divine right of kings was checked by the Coronation oath. Nor have I told how the details of the ceremony have been modified in the course of centuries: how, for example, the Westminster Scholars came into it in 1685, and how the English representatives of the long-lost Duchies of Normandy and Aquitaine, who ranked in precedence before the Archbishop of Canterbury, dropped out after 1761. All these things you can find elsewhere. As Professor E. C. Ratcliff says in his book, *The Coronation Service of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II*, the English coronation rite 'is not rigid and immutable like . . . a Byzantine Imperial Ceremony'. It has been frequently revised in detail: and, among those who have contributed to its successive revisions, piety requires that I should mention particularly the names of Nicholas Litlington, Abbot of Westminster: William Laud, Prebendary of the Collegiate Church: and Armitage Robinson, Dean of Westminster, and formerly Rector of St. Margaret's.

The Coronation service, as we have it, by which the Sovereign is committed to maintain the Protestant Reformed Religion and the Catholic Faith, bears unmistakably the stamp and spirit of the English Church: but Christians of all denominations, and indeed all who believe in God, can join sincerely in the prayer that He will so replenish His chosen servant, Queen Elizabeth, with the grace of His Holy Spirit, that she may always incline to His will, and walk in His way. For that, in every age of English history for 1,000 years, has been the meaning and the purpose of the Coronation rite.

—Home Service

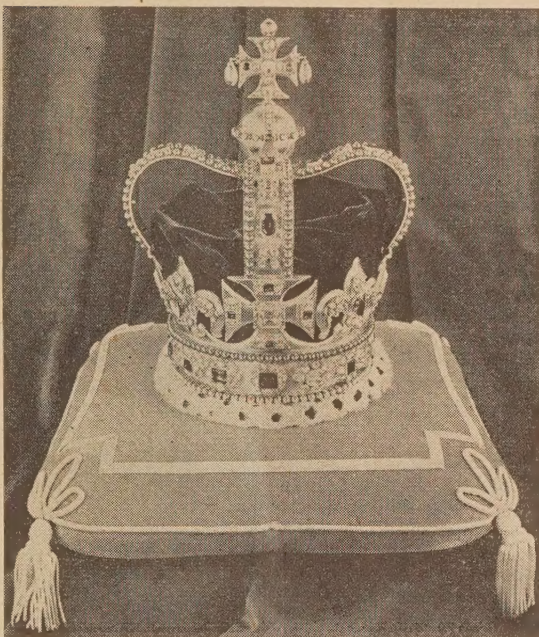


# The Coronation Regalia

By LAWRENCE E. TANNER

**D**URING the course of the Coronation Service the Queen is invested with the Royal Robes and Insignia of Sovereignty culminating in the Crown. It is the history and symbolism of the various articles of the Regalia, which are used in this part of the service, that I would like to describe. It must be remembered that the Queen can receive these articles only from the Archbishop because she has already, earlier in the service, been recognised by the people as their 'undoubted Queen'; has taken a solemn oath to govern her peoples in accordance with their laws; and because she has been anointed and thereby set apart and consecrated to the lifelong service of those over whom she has been called to rule. It is, then, as the consecrated monarch that the Queen receives, one by one, the emblems of majesty, the spiritual meaning of each being revealed in the prayers which accompany their delivery. We will, therefore, take them in the order in which they are handed to the Queen.

The ancient Regalia of England was almost entirely and deliberately destroyed, with the exception of certain jewels, during Cromwellian times, and most of the present Regalia was made for the Coronation of Charles II in 1661. But to this there are two possible exceptions, and they are the articles which are the first to be used in the service. Immediately before the Anointing the Dean of Westminster brings from the altar the Golden Eagle, or Ampulla, which contains the sacred oil together with the Anointing Spoon. There is a tradition that this eagle escaped destruction in 1649, and that it is in fact part of the original Regalia.



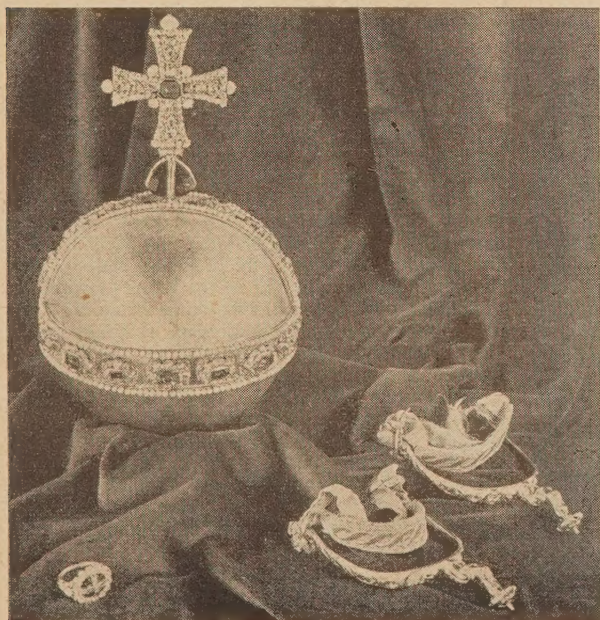
St. Edward's Crown

The experts tell us that the base upon which it stands and, probably, the wings were added in 1661. But the body and the head of the eagle, although they have been worked over, do appear to be medieval. But whether this is so or not there is no doubt that the spoon is the oldest object used in the Coronation Service. The handle dates from about 1200 and may be even earlier, and the bowl may be of the same date or perhaps added later.

After the Queen has been anointed and invested with the white robe of purity (The Colobium Sindonis) and the golden Supertunica, the emblems of knighthood are handed to her as she sits in the Coronation Chair. First, the Spurs which she merely touches, thereby recognising chivalry and all that chivalry implies, and sends them back to the altar. Then the Sword, which with its jewel-encrusted scabbard was made for the Coronation of George IV, is brought from the altar and placed in the Queen's hands. The point to remember about this is that it is not given to the Queen as the head of the armed forces. It is the Sovereign's personal sword—the sword of the spirit—with which she is to redress human

wrongs. And, therefore, by a beautiful piece of symbolism, she immediately rises and goes alone to the altar where she offers it in the service of God. It is then 'redeemed' by the peer appointed to carry it, and he draws it from its scabbard and carries it naked before the Queen for the rest of the service.

The presentation of the Armills, or bracelets, which follows is an interesting revival. Bracelets are, of course, a very ancient attribute



The Ampulla and the Spoon; (left) the Orb, the Spurs, and the Sovereign's Ring  
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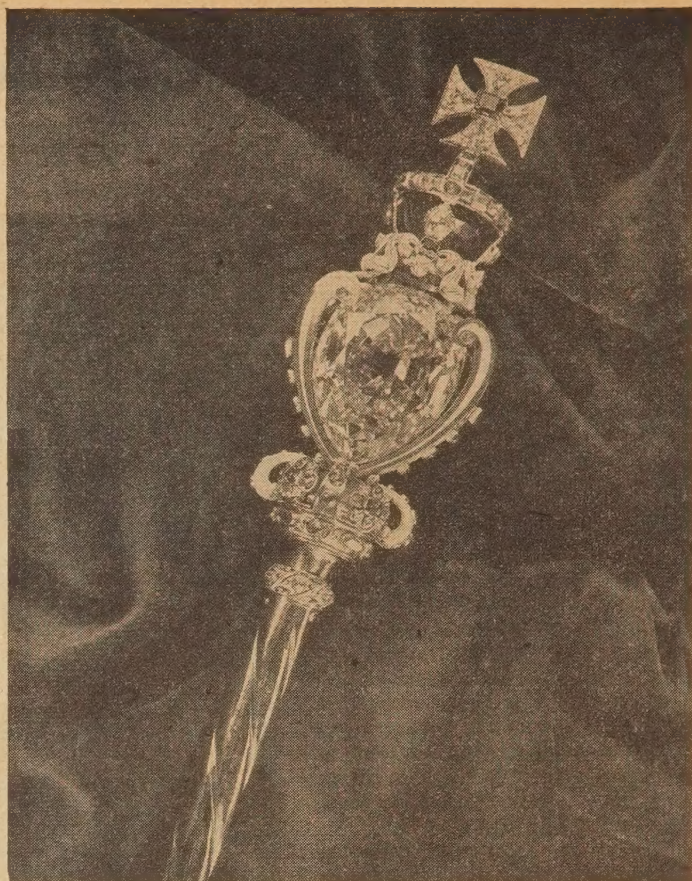
of kingship. When, for instance, the young Amalekite announced to David the death of Saul, he proved the King's identity by saying 'I took the crown that was upon his head and the bracelet that was on his arm and have brought them hither'. But in England the bracelets fell out of use in the Coronation service in Stuart times and Queen Elizabeth I is believed to have been the last Sovereign who was invested with them at her Coronation. They symbolise 'sincerity and wisdom' and are not only 'tokens of the Lord's protection embracing you on every side' but also 'symbols and pledges of that bond which unites you with your Peoples'. It is therefore peculiarly fitting that the new bracelets to be used at the Coronation have been presented by the Governments of the Commonwealth whose peoples have always been the first to rally to the protection of the Mother Country.

The Queen will then be invested with the Robe Royal, or Pall of Cloth of Gold, symbolising the robe of righteousness. This robe almost certainly derives from the old Imperial mantle of the Byzantine Emperors, and although it now resembles an ecclesiastical cope it was originally foursquare, symbolising that the four quarters of the world are subject to the power of God from whom all earthly authority is derived.

The same idea is apparent in the symbolism of the Orb which is next placed in the Queen's right hand with the words 'Receive this Orb set under the Cross, and remember that the whole world is subject to the Power and Empire of Christ our Redeemer'. Immediately afterwards the Ring 'of kingly dignity and the seal of the Catholic Faith' is put upon the fourth finger of the Queen's right hand. The ring was formerly looked upon as the personal property of the Sovereign, but the ring which will be used is that made for King William IV and used at the last three Coronations.

The Queen then gives up the Orb in order to receive the Royal Sceptre, 'the ensign of kingly power and justice'. This sceptre is about three feet long and is the one which was made for the Coronation of Charles II. It is surmounted by an amethyst cut in the shape of an orb on which rests a jewelled cross. Immediately beneath the amethyst there was inserted in 1911 the great diamond known as the Star of Africa. In the Queen's left hand is placed the Rod, with the dove 'of equity and mercy'; this sceptre also was made in 1661.

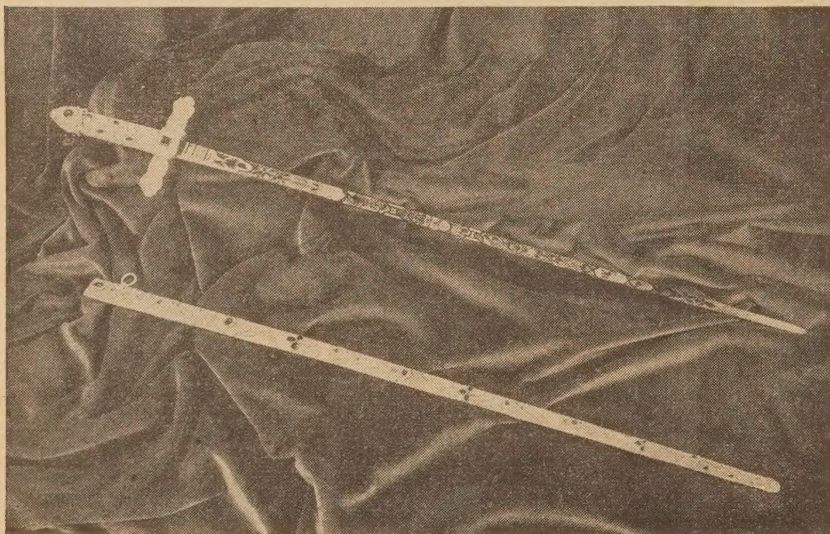
The Sovereign has now received all the insignia and emblems of kingship except the most important of all. It is at this point, therefore, that the Dean of Westminster, by ancient custom, brings from the altar St. Edward's Crown, and the Archbishop, in the words of the rubric, 'taking it of him shall reverently put it upon the Queen's head'. It is worth noting that at this great moment the continuity and, indeed, the unique character of the Coronations of our Kings and Queens is stressed. For the crown with which our Sovereigns are crowned still bears the name of St. Edward's Crown and thus carries the mind back through the centuries to Saxon times. The present crown was actually made in 1661, but the interesting fact has recently been pointed out that the bill for making this new St. Edward's Crown merely says 'for the addition of gold and workmanship £350', and that this is followed



The Royal Sceptre, containing the great diamond known as the Star of Africa

immediately by a sum of no less than £7,870 for a new crown of State. The difference in price between these two crowns is so startling that it has been suggested that possibly the original Crown of St. Edward may after all have escaped destruction and that the present crown may be largely made from the metal of the original crown.

St. Edward's Crown is very heavy and it is usually exchanged within a few minutes for the lighter Imperial Crown. The late King George VI, however, at his Coronation wore it for over three-quarters of an hour before he exchanged it for the lighter crown. The Imperial Crown, for which St. Edward's Crown is exchanged, was first made for Queen Victoria's Coronation in 1838. It is this crown which contains most of the historic jewels. The most conspicuous of these is the great spinel ruby—the Black Prince's ruby—which is traditionally said to have been in the crown surrounding the helmet of King Henry V at the Battle of Agincourt. It is now set in the forefront of the crown. Just below it is the smaller portion of the Star of Africa diamond—the great diamond which was found in 1905 in the Premier Mine, near Pretoria, by Mr. T. M. Cullinan, and was presented to King Edward VII by the Union Government of South Africa. At the intersection of the arches of the crown are the four drop-shaped pearls which are usually said to have been the ear-rings of Queen Elizabeth, while in the centre of the diamond cross at the summit is the sapphire which is traditionally believed to have belonged to Edward the Confessor. Thus, once again, the mind is carried back to the saintly king who built the second great church at Westminster, in which William the Conqueror and his successors were crowned, and whose shrine is still the most venerable and venerated object within the Abbey Church at Westminster.—*Home Service*



The Sword, with its jewel-encrusted scabbard

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Coloured postcards (6d. each) of the Regalia, from photographs taken by Ernest Heimann, are obtainable at H.M. Stationery Office and the Tower of London.



# A Poem on the Crowning of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth II



## Chant royal

### I

Under the pavilions of the evening skies  
 Attendants, pilgrims, worshippers and heralds wait.  
 The sun begins to set, but other suns arise  
 In heavenly processions of eternal state.  
 Now, wreathed with the horizon's starry ring  
 Whose festivals of fire illuminate  
 The night's discovered peaks, each living thing  
 Lies down to sleep beneath the lanterns and the trees  
 Of home; on the pavements, in the fields reclining,  
 All children, animals and lovers trust the breeze  
 Of ceremony lightening the midnight air.



### II

They are reclining in the dark, upon the bare  
 Stones of streets, or in the summer grass, the city's  
 Graves: figures waiting till the resurrections blare  
 Their trumpets, and deliver from hostilities  
 Of death, from famine and the suffering  
 Of flame, from the disasters of the seas.  
 Look tenderly now upon their sleeping,  
 And let the dying stars provide a lucky fate.  
 These summer garlands will delight their wakening,  
 And flags and banners of the sun will celebrate  
 The birth of light, the day that never dies.



### III

The trumpets call, the heralds lift their dew-lashed eyes  
 Towards an arch of cloud, the punctual East, the gate  
 Of sight, where folded mists are lifting to the sighs  
 Of flowered winds. O, watchers, it is not too late  
 For prayers and hymns! Beat, drums! And trumpets, sing!  
 Wake, sleepers! Let the pavements yawn, and rise,  
 You dreamers, from your stony slumbering!  
 Aurora smiles, the goddess of the morning frees  
 All risen creatures from the night's imprisoning!  
 She moves towards you now, bearing the golden keys  
 Of time, the summer that is yours to share.

## Envoi

Aurora sing, the Season's fair  
 Divinity, who prophesies  
 Peace, Love and Mercy, who applies  
 The Light of Hope to banish hate!  
 Aurora sing!  
 O, dedicate  
 This gift of Light, all darknesses disowning,  
 To honour Beauty at Aurora's crowning!



### IV

Within her chariot of gold and crystal, rare  
 And royal equipage, she who is Queen of Peace  
 And Light and Love, a Majesty without compare  
 Moves in the purple robes and azure panoplies  
 Of dawn, an Emblem of the mystic Spring  
 And Summer's Princess, morning's Fleur-de-Lys!  
 Around her head white doves on dazzled wing  
 Bear coronals from meadow, wood and lake; the great  
 Garlands of the sun before her feet in welcoming  
 Are laid; beside her walk the unicorns that mate  
 With lions, crowned, guarding their royal prize.



### V

Her path through glades of green all white with flowers lies,  
 By rivers, fountains, through all Nature's wild estate  
 Of pleasures, where the phoenix with the robin flies  
 Bearing her blessings, and the delicate  
 Profusions of the orchard, early-ripening.  
 Her minstrels, priests and virgins celebrate  
 This gay and holy time; her children bring  
 White sheaves of corn, scattering fragrant granaries  
 Of mint and lavender and thyme in offering  
 To her who is the Mistress of their jubilees,  
 And lay their daisies on her golden hair.

JAMES KIRKUP



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 2d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

## God Save the Queen!

LONDONERS generally and particularly those who live or work near the Coronation route have been going about their business during the past few weeks to the sound of hammering, the clatter of metal and the sawing of wood. Scaffolding, ubiquitous and intricate, has preceded the setting up of stands, the boarding up of statues and windows, the building of street barriers, and the arrangement of all kinds of decorations. As to these last, comment has of course been mixed: trust the Cockney to be among the first to assert his right of grumbling. Yet one cannot help having some sympathy for those responsible for these decorations. In a theatre the scene is not built up in front of the audience: the work is done beforehand and it is not until the curtain goes up on the first night that the effect is seen—and judged. When the public has, so to speak, been behind the scenes all the time, some of the magic is bound to be lost. But, whatever may be from the aesthetic point of view the verdict on the decorations, it is all to the good that London has scrubbed her face and taken on a new look—more especially since it is not only Londoners and visitors to London who will be gazing at her 'on the day'. Millions of people in this and other countries will be looking at her on the television screen.

Elsewhere in our columns this week readers may learn something of the meaning of the event and may reflect on the scenes of previous Coronations as they have come down to us in photographs, artists' impressions and old prints. But whereas in the past comparatively few out of the total population have been on the spot to see the procession and the crowning, now for the first time in history the spectacle is one that the eyes of nations may look upon. Dwellers in remote places need not move from their armchairs in order to witness the scene and in some sense to join the privileged congregation in Westminster Abbey. What this means in terms of public sentiment about the crowning of our Queen, of the effect on the national consciousness of not having to make a special journey to London, as our forefathers were wont to do, in order to catch a passing glimpse of the monarch riding in a golden coach, of the attitude of mind of one who sits in his own room staring at a cathode-ray tube as compared with one who mingling with the crowd sees the real thing and shares in and indeed is part creator of the enthusiasm and the cheering—questions such as these can hardly help occurring to anyone jealous for the human spirit played upon as it is by the wonders of our technical civilisation. But though we may give these questions a thought, this fortunately is neither the time nor the place to attempt to answer them.

All the same it is well to remind ourselves that beyond the gaiety (or drabness) of the decorations, beyond the genuine (or worked up) feelings of excitement, beyond the miracle of human devising that carries sight and sound to remote corners of the earth, an act is to be performed which, whether one has any sense of history or not, is solemn both in itself and in its implications. 'The Coronation', writes Professor Wilkinson, 'is much more than a medieval pageant. It is more than a solemn investment of the Queen with a great office. It is a covenant to preserve the great Anglo-Saxon political tradition, and a pledge to maintain the historic process by which this was translated into the procedures of the modern state'.\* When this pledge is given next Tuesday and the newly crowned Queen passes in all her majesty through the streets of her capital, the people will cheer, their hearts will be lifted up, and the prayer of us all will be that she may live long to reign over us in happiness—and peace.

\* The Historical Association's pamphlet *The Coronation in History*. By B. Wilkinson. Philp. 2s. 6d.

## What They Are Saying

Russian opinion on the Bermuda conference

ON MAY 24 MOSCOW RADIO broadcast extensive extracts from an editorial of great length in *Pravda* welcoming Sir Winston Churchill's suggestion for high-level talks between the Great Powers, provided they were free from prior fixed demands, but criticising the proposed Bermuda conference between Britain, France, and the United States. The broadcast included a detailed analysis of Sir Winston's speech in parliament, which it described as 'realistic' and containing constructive proposals for ways of examining international problems. It condemned the proposed Bermuda conference as an attempt to produce exactly those fixed demands at the expense of the Soviet Union which would be incompatible with the idea of an unconditional conference. Such a fixing of prior conditions by groups of nations could only further intensify international tension. The broadcast went on to affirm Soviet Russia's readiness to examine any proposals directed at securing peace and at the widest economic and cultural relations between states. It claimed that the Soviet Union had already done much towards settling outstanding problems; it was Britain and the United States who had not done their just share towards this end.

The broadcast supported this claim by referring to specific problems: In the case of Austria, it alleged, it was the Western Powers who were responsible for delaying agreement on a treaty. In the case of Korea, the latest Communist proposals gave a necessary basis for solving the only question standing in the way of a truce. On Germany, *Pravda* strongly criticised Sir Winston's reference to guarantees in the spirit of the Locarno treaty—a treaty, it said, which had directed German aggression against the Soviet Union. However, concluded the broadcast, this was not a time for mutual accusations. Though there was much in Sir Winston's speech with which the Soviet people could not agree, it was more important to stress those points which could contribute to the settling of questions in the interests of peace and security.

An earlier broadcast in the 'Russian Hour' of Vienna radio had likewise condemned the proposed Bermuda conference. The same radio, asking the question: 'Why did the Czechoslovak Government unconditionally release Oatis?', explained:

It was motivated by the same consideration as the Soviet Government in its desire to end the cold war and to bring about an understanding with the west.

A large proportion of Moscow radio's output last week pleaded that a high level of international trade was indispensable for world peace and prosperity. A Moscow broadcast directed to Britain contrasted the alleged thriving economy of the Soviet bloc (including the claim that 'last year Soviet industrial output was 2·3 times what it was on the eve of the war'), with the 'complete economic stagnation' in the capitalist west. The commentator went on:

I need not explain to you the tremendous significance of international trade. . . . The present American policy, however, hampers such a development.

The attempt to divide Britain and America was also obvious in a number of other broadcasts which stressed existing British-American differences in both the economic and political fields. This theme was carried even further in satellite broadcasts. Radio stations which for years past have heaped abuse on Sir Winston Churchill as a 'war-monger' now described him as wanting to reach a peaceful agreement with Soviet Russia. Thus, Nejedly, in a commentary from Prague, after describing the British Prime Minister as 'an old fox in international politics', said that he knew what he was doing. 'The obviously anti-American attitude' he had shown in his speech had made a 'deep impression'. He knew a third world war would mean the end of the British Empire: 'he would therefore prefer to reach an agreement, and we can believe this. Thus, against the American "all or nothing" tactics, he prefers his own more careful approach'. Sir Winston was apparently 'resolved to embark on a new path, even if still under cover of close co-operation with the United States'. It was significant that Eisenhower, concluded the Prague broadcast, had—appreciating the force of world opinion—'not dared to reject Churchill's speech'. A Prague broadcast in English expressed the view that Churchill's speech had been a decisive factor in the Conservative victory at Sunderland. It went on to describe Senator McCarthy's call for the sinking of British ships carrying cargoes to China as 'the first open threat from the United States of war . . . against Britain'.



# Did You Hear That?

## THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION

'ENGLAND HAS BOASTED OF A Grand Champion since medieval days', said VERNON ARMSTRONG in 'The Northcountryman', 'and on the slim shoulders of a bespectacled officer of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, Captain John Lindley Marmion Dymoke, today rests the hereditary title "Queen's Champion". At the forthcoming Coronation, this twenty-six-year-old officer who inherited the title—one of the most striking relics of feudalism—with his succession to the lands of the Manor of Scrivelsby, near Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, will be the only commoner among the peers who will carry the standards at the actual crowning ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

'On twenty-one occasions the Dymokes of Scrivelsby—"the home of the champions", as it is known to Lincolnshire folk—have performed the duty of Knight Champion to the reigning monarch.

'Ancient documents tell of the splendour and pageantry of the champion's duties at the Coronation banquet of James II. Before the second course was served at the feast in Westminster Hall, two heralds sounded a fanfare. The champion—Sir Charles Dymoke—rode into the hall mounted on a richly-caparisoned white charger. He wore one of the King's suits of white armour, and a helmet plumed with red, white, and blue feathers, and carried a gauntlet. Led by a sergeant-trumpeter, two sergeants-at-arms bearing maces, and his two esquires, one carrying a lance and the other a target emblazoned with the Dymoke arms, the champion followed the York Herald into the space between the groaning banquet tables.

'Halting in the centre of the room, the York Herald made his proclamation:

If any person of whatever degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord the King . . . to be right heir to the Imperial Crown of this realm of England, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his Champion who saith that he lieth and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him; and in this quarrell will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.

'At this point the champion defiantly threw down the gauntlet. It lay on the floor long enough to enable any venturesome person to accept the challenge, and then it was retrieved by the Herald who delivered it back to the mounted knight. Twice more the ceremony was repeated until the champion reined in at the foot of the King's table. The King drank the health of his champion and then passed him the gilt bowl. Dymoke in turn drank the King's health, made his reverence, and then rode out of the hall, taking with him the gilt drinking bowl as his fee.

'There is no accurate record available but the title was probably first enjoyed by the Marmion family as a tenure of their Norman barony of Fontenay. There is an old ballad about the Royal Champions, one verse of which runs:

And ever since when England's Kings  
Are diadem'd—no matter where—  
The Champion Dymoke boldly flings  
His glove, should treason venture there.

'And especially applicable to this Coronation year on which another

Queen ascends to England's throne, is the last verse of the same ballad:)

Then bravely cry, with Dymoke bold,  
Long may the King triumphant reign.  
And when fair hands the sceptre hold,  
More bravely still—long live the Queen'.

## THE ROYAL LINE

An unusual exhibition in Edinburgh traces back the unbroken line of the ancestry of Her Majesty the Queen through 800 years. It is the Scottish royal forebears of Queen Elizabeth II who provide the solid trunk, so to speak, of this great family tree. The Keeper of the Records of Scotland, SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, spoke in the Home Service of the exhibition's aims and contents.

'The English crown', he said, 'passed two or three times by conquest; the Scottish crown, ever since the year 1058, was always inherited; down to the time when King James VI succeeded first to the Scottish and later to the English throne. A century later the two monarchies merged in that of Great Britain, and we have the original Articles of the Treaty of Union on view to illustrate that.

'The nearest thing to a break in strictly hereditary descent came in 1689, when the Parliament of Scotland resolved and declared that King James VII had forfeited the crown, and that the throne was vacant. Here then, is that Parliament's Commission to three envoys to go to London and offer the crown to the King and Queen of England, William and Mary. Since Mary was James' daughter even that episode did not break the succession. We cannot cover the whole thousand years since King Malcolm III's accession, in documents, but we have managed to produce either the Great Seal or the autograph signature of every sovereign from Malcolm IV, who became King of Scots in 1153, except the child Queen Margaret, the Maid of Norway, down to Her present Majesty's Sign Manual on the Warrant setting up the Royal Commission on Scottish Affairs.

'The earliest royal autograph is that of James II, King of Scots, on a Charter of 1452. Two or three documents show the distant beginnings of institutions still continuing today. The original Statutes of the Court of Session signed by James V in 1541 are on view; the official record of James VI's creation of the Scottish Order of Baronets in 1624; and that of James VII's revival of the Order of the Thistle in 1687. Also William IV's Sign Manual for a Charter of Incorporation to a well-known Scottish bank.

'More directly personal are three letters from Queen Victoria, all in her own hand, to Lord Panmure, Secretary of State for War, one of them discussing and criticising the design of the new Victoria Cross. An earlier queen's letter is a hasty note scribbled by Mary Queen of Scots telling the Lord Advocate to find out what is going on at a secret meeting about to be held in the house of John Knox.

'We have included one or two documents bearing specially on former Coronations. One is the household book of Charles II during his brief residence in Scotland. His Coronation at Scone was in January 1651; the last Coronation to take place in Scotland; and the clerk who kept



Sylvia Gray, a B.B.C. reporter, recently in 'Radio Newsreel' interviewed Sir Hugh Casson and others concerned with the Coronation decorations. The lavender poles mounted with Life Guards' helmets in Whitehall were one of the decorations she described



the royal kitchen accounts expressed his own patriotic feelings by inscribing on the fly-leaf opposite that day's entry, in good Latin and a beautiful script, "Long live our Sovereign Lord King Charles. Death to his enemies".

### CORONATION STAMPS FROM THE COMMONWEALTH

Most parts of the British Commonwealth are bringing out special stamps to commemorate the Coronation. MAURICE WILLIAMS spoke about them in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'Some of the most attractive stamps', he said, 'will be coming from New Zealand where a set of five will include views of Buckingham Palace and Westminster Abbey, as well as the picture of the State Coach and the Crown and Sceptre. New Zealand is fond of putting famous London scenes on her stamps, and earlier issues have shown St. Paul's Cathedral, Eros in Piccadilly Circus, and Peter Pan's statue

'The Farmer and his Field', 'Master and Apprentice', and 'Churches old and new'. Through these writings one sees glimpses of the personal lives of the people of Staffordshire through their history, of the officials they dealt with, occasionally of their sovereigns. F. R. BUCKLEY who saw the exhibition described it in 'The Eye-witness': 'Henry VIII', he said, 'becomes slightly less legendary when we see his sign manual for the giving of old clothes to a gentleman usher. One garment was a damask gown, containing sixteen yards of material, and furred with black bogey—perhaps the moth was in it—but even so Henry seems farther from us than the Constables of Rowley Regis who, in 1615, took the Parish Armour and pawned it.

'After that I came to Exhibit 68 and I seemed to hear above the traffic outside the roll of ancient drums: it is a petition by one, Humphrey Sline, in 1627 for a pension from the county. Sometime in the 1590's Humphrey was pressed for a soldier, taken from Coton in Staffordshire, which is a remote village to this day, and sent with the Earl of Essex to burn Cadiz in Spain. With six score and nineteen other lame and sick, he was shipped home, but the ship was captured by Spanish galleys—"Whereafter", says the petition, "every man was stripped naked and put to endure great want and misery among the galley slaves for a long space, being whence removed, we were conveyed to Lisbon Castle where, with greater misery than before, lying on boards and contrained to eat dogs if we could steal them; to break the bones of beasts and suck the marrow and eat orange peels which the soldiers cast away. This imprisonment enduring for eight years until a peace was declared. After all which miseries and afflictions your petitioner, returning to England with very few or none beside, hath maintained himself and his family by his good labours and honest endeavour. Yet now, growing very old and feeling in his bones the former ill-usage sustained in his country's cause, he waxes altogether unable to take pains any longer and therefore is constrained to fly to your Good Worships for refuge". One does hope he found it. Anyway, he has it now'.

### ROYAL AND LOYAL

Speaking of the history of Woodstock in 'Midlands Miscellany' R. B. RAMSBOTHAM said: 'It was the scene of that famous English romantic episode, Henry II and Fair Rosamund; most of the Plantagenet Kings used it as their headquarters while hunting here, and Edward the Black Prince was born here.

'The town became a borough in 1453. In 1554 Queen Elizabeth I was imprisoned here. In the Civil Wars, Woodstock enthusiastically supported the Stuart cause, and paid the ship money levy in full with alacrity. We possess the names of the inhabitants who were assessed for payment, and the money was collected in a month. With the accession of Charles II the prosperity and importance of Woodstock increased, and the town's loyalty to the Stuarts did not diminish. In our archives we have the actual letter of James II to Lord Lichfield, ordering him in 1689 to call out the horse and foot militia: the letter is personally signed by King James. The town presented King James II with "twenty broad pieces of gold", and received a new Charter from him which opened membership of the Council to others than members of the Church of England.

'The accession of William III is not mentioned in the Council's records, but the Coronation of Queen Anne was enthusiastically celebrated, and it is interesting to compare these celebrations with those which are being prepared for Queen Elizabeth II. In Queen Anne's day the Council laid great emphasis on the feasting side of the celebrations. A hogshead of beer and twenty dozen cakes were provided for the burgesses, but the Council for themselves arranged a dozen of claret and a dozen of sack and five dozen "wigs"—three-cornered tarts.

'After the great victory of Blenheim, the Royal Manor of Woodstock was given by Queen Anne to the great Duke of Marlborough and the borough's close connection with the monarchs of England ceased from that date. But the Duke of Marlborough and his great Lieutenant, Lord Cadogan, were both members of the Borough Council and today, Sir Winston Churchill, perhaps the greatest man that has ever led England, is an honorary freeman of the borough'.



Top: Gold Coast 3d. and 4d. Coronation stamps

Bottom: New Zealand's 8d. and 4d. Coronation stamps

in Kensington Gardens. The view of the Abbey on the eightpenny stamp is most realistic, but Buckingham Palace on the twopenny is shown from the air, and has an unfamiliar look about it. An excellent portrait of the Queen graces the threepenny value in this set.

'Australia is to have three stamps, all in the same design, which shows a three-quarter face portrait of the Queen with suitable wording at the left. The highest value in this set will be two shillings, intended for air-mail use, and the special Coronation flight is to be made from Sydney to London on June 2. Each letter will be struck with a decorative post-mark for the occasion. Unlike most others, which will not appear until the second or third of June, Australia's Coronation stamps are due on Whit Monday. Each Crown Colony will have its own Coronation stamp, but in this case a communal design is being used. It shows a finely engraved portrait of Her Majesty with a network background in the frame and the name of the colony at the foot. Each stamp is in two colours, black in the centre, and the second colour framing it, which gives a pleasing effect. Like the colonies, Canada, South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, and Ceylon will issue one stamp each. The Southern Rhodesian, printed in red, is a half-crown stamp meant for use on air-mail, but the other three are lower values'.

### 'THE CROWN AND THE PEOPLE'

A Coronation exhibition now being held at Stafford in the Shire Hall is called appropriately 'The Crown and the People' and it is made up mostly of documents from the County Records Office. There are letters patent written in Tudor times, grocers' bills from the eighteenth century, petitions, accounts, and various other papers arranged under such headings as 'Coronations and Progresses', 'Soldiers and Adventurers',



# The Legend of the Holy Oil

By C. H. WILLIAMS

THE Coronation service as it developed in France and England was a creative achievement as characteristic of the Middle Ages as the cathedrals which adorned its cities. Like the cathedrals, it has survived into a very different world. We can easily appreciate the beauty of each, and we can as easily miss their symbolism. And just as we can often glean more of the spirit of the Middle Ages from close study of this carving and that gargoyle than from a survey of the whole cathedral pile, so there may be some feature in the coronation service which can imbue us with the spirit of the whole.

## Heart of the Coronation Service

At the very heart of the Coronation service lies the solemn ritual\* of anointing the new monarch with oil. Here is a symbolism with a long history reaching back at least to the world of the Old Testament. Undoubtedly knowledge of it came to the Teutons through their encounter with Romano-Christian civilisation in the third and fourth centuries. They became acquainted with the use of oil for anointing in baptism, confirmation, and the consecration of bishops, and it is easy to see how naturally such a rite was incorporated in the initiation ceremonies customary when a new ruler was being made king. Exactly when this fusion of Christian and barbaric rites took place it is not easy to say. The earliest undisputed instance is the anointing of the Visigothic king, Wamba, in 672. Pepin of the Franks was anointed in 751, and again—by the Pope—in 754. And in 781, the two sons of Charles the Great were anointed by the Pope. On that occasion Alcuin of York was present at the court of Charlemagne, and four years later the practice of anointing is first heard of in England, when King Offa of Mercia had his son Ecgrifh anointed and elevated as his successor.

It is not so much the exact history of this symbolism that concerns me here, but the legends that have been incorporated in it. The earliest and best known of these is the legend of the *Sainte Ampoule*. The story is first found in the *Life of St. Remi* by Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims, and it describes the baptism of Clovis, first Christian king of the Franks at some date round about A.D. 500.

'A way was prepared for going to the baptistry from the royal palace. On each side, and above, were spread painted awnings . . . The baptistry . . . was decorated and sprinkled with balsam and other fragrant perfumes, and the Lord supplied such grace to the people that they might well think they were refreshed by the perfumes of Paradise. And so the holy priest, holding the King's hand, proceeded from the royal palace to the place of baptism, preceded by the holy gospels, with all kinds of hymns and spiritual chants and litanies, and with the acclaimed names of saints, and followed by the Queen and his subjects.

'But as they went in procession together, the King questioned the bishop saying, "Is this the Kingdom of God which you promise me?" The bishop said to him, "This is not that Kingdom, but the beginning of the way by which we come to it".

'But when they had reached the baptistry, the priest who was in charge of the chrism was cut off by the crowd so that he could not get to the font. And thus, although the font had been consecrated, the chrism, by the divine will, was lacking. And because none could enter or leave the church on account of the dense crowd, the revered bishop began to pray quickly, with his eyes and his hands lifted up to heaven, and with tears in his eyes.

'And behold, suddenly, a dove whiter than snow brought an ampulla filled with holy chrism to the dais. And all who were present were filled with the inestimable sweetness of its miraculous perfume, conspicuous above the perfumes they had perceived in the baptistry. And when the saintly bishop had received the ampulla, the image of the dove disappeared. And with the chrism, the revered bishop anointed the consecrated forehead of the king'.

Hincmar, father of the legend of the *Sainte Ampoule*, was the outstanding personality in the ninth-century French Church. As Archbishop of Rheims, he dominated the councils of that church, and no prelate of the Middle Ages—not even our Thomas Becket—was more ruthless in defending its privileges. While he could write learnedly, though somewhat diffusely, on deep problems such as predestination and free

will, he could also grapple in masterly fashion with legal problems such as the famous case of the divorce of Lothair, King of Lorraine. Above all, like a true statesman cleric he was thoroughly alive to the importance of symbolism and the need for propaganda in public affairs. Besides his episcopal office, Hincmar was also the abbot of the monastery of St. Remi and was devoted to its patron.

Did he invent the story of the *Sainte Ampoule*? It is extremely unlikely. Between the date of Clovis' baptism and Hincmar's day three-and-a-half centuries had elapsed. Much could happen in that space of time, and several scholars have collected the evidence which undoubtedly acquits him. Without going into details I will note one or two possibilities. For one thing, we can be certain that the momentous occasion of Clovis' baptism would not be forgotten in the Abbey of St. Remi. And the surest way of keeping the memory green would be by relics. Often these were kept in vessels shaped like a dove. Did an ampulla amongst the relics from St. Remi's tomb provide the hard core from which the legend sprang? Or, again, did some representation of the baptism of Christ, in which the Holy Spirit was symbolised by a dove, become confused with some relic of Clovis' baptism? How easy then for the descent of a dove to become associated by pilgrims with the baptism of their one-time king.

Whatever the origin of the legend, my interest is in the use to which it was put. Hincmar first made a reference to it in the coronation service for the crowning of Charles the Bald as King of Lorraine in 869. He made it clear that he used holy oil on that occasion—the oil remaining in the Abbey of St. Remi from the miraculous baptism of Clovis. A few years later he elaborated the whole story, as I have said, in his *Life of St. Remi*. And the real significance of Hincmar's work is this, that he took up a piece of folk-lore and made of it a great opportunity. The legend of the *Sainte Ampoule* was to bring special rewards in later years to the kings of France themselves. To the virtue of this oil their special healing powers were ascribed, and because they alone were anointed at their coronation with holy oil, the French kings acquired a position of special dignity and importance in the medieval world. Matthew Paris wrote in the thirteenth century that 'The Archbishop of Rheims is first among the peers of France by virtue of the fact that it is he who anoints the King of France with the heavenly oil, whereby the King of France is held to be the most exalted of kings'.

## The Healing Touch

But such dignity and pre-eminence was not to go unchallenged in England. Early in the twelfth century, the French abbot Guibert of Nogens made much of the fact that the French kings alone possessed the healing touch, and he added that he knew that the king of England had never tried to work miracles of that kind. But already in 1161, with the canonisation of Edward the Confessor, England had a saint king who was said to have worked miracles during his lifetime. And it was not until the end of the thirteenth century that the French achieved such a saint in Louis IX. During the reign of Henry II, Peter of Blois—at the English court—asserted that a sure proof of the virtue that came to the king through the English rite of anointing was the fact that when the king laid his hands on the sick, they were cured of the scrofula—and he gave contemporary instances of the exercise of this power. So it seems that the healing touch was already being claimed for the English king before the end of the twelfth century. Sooner or later, to complete the challenge, some claim of holy oil must be made. And when that claim was, in fact, made a century-and-a-half later, it was based on an incident which supposedly took place in the reign of the same king, Henry II:

'When I, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, was fleeing in exile from England to France, I came to Pope Alexander, who was then at Sens, to show him the customs and abuses which the king of the English was bringing into the Church. And one night, as I was praying in the Church of St. Columba, I asked the Queen of Virgins to give to the king of England and his heirs a proposal, and the will to amend their lives towards the Church of God, and that Christ of his great

\*The religious aspects of the Coronation rite are dealt with in more detail by Canon Charles Smyth, on page 867



mercy would make the king love the holy Church with fuller love. Immediately there appeared to me the Blessed Virgin with an eagle of gold in her bosom, and with a small phial of stone in her hand. She took the eagle from her bosom, and put the phial into it, placed the eagle and the phial in my hand, and said, "This is the oil with which the kings of England must be anointed, and not these wicked ones who now reign or will reign, and who on account of their many crimes have lost and will lose much. But kings of the English shall arise who will be anointed with this oil, who will be good champions of the Church. They will recover the lands lost by their forefathers as long as they have the eagle and phial. Now there will be a king of the English who will be the first to be anointed with this oil: he shall recover by force the land lost by his forefathers, that is to say, Normandy and Aquitaine. He will be greatest among kings, and he it is that will build many churches in the holy land, and will put the heathen to flight from Babylon, and will build many churches there. And as often as he carries this eagle on his breast he will have the victory over all his enemies and his kingdom will be ever increased."

"And then I prayed the Blessed Virgin Mary to show me where to keep so precious and holy a thing, and she said to me, "There is a man in this town, a monk of St. Cyprian's of Poitiers, who has been unjustly expelled by his abbot from his abbey. He is now asking the pope to restore him to his abbey. Give him the eagle and phial for him to take to the abbey at Poitiers. And I would hide it in the church of St. George, by the church of St. Hilary . . . under a great stone, where it will be found at a convenient time. This is the oil of unction of the kings of the English."

Another version of this story was more specific at one point. The king of the English who would first be anointed with this oil would be the fifth in succession to Henry II. That king was Edward II.

### Mysterious Embassies

In 1318 there were some mysterious embassies between the English court and the Papal Curia at Avignon largely conducted in secret so that the full facts are not known. But a letter from Pope John XXII to Edward II gives the essentials. In this letter Friar Nicholas, Penitentiary of the Order of Friars Preachers, revealed to Pope John a mysterious story about the oil received by Becket, in which its first use is dated back to the days of Charles the Great.

What was the point of this very discursive story which the friar had revealed to Pope John? It was a hotchpotch of traditions containing several features reminiscent of the French legend. An attempt is being made to provide the English king with a holy oil similar to that which had done so much for the French kings. Why? A glance at the early years of Edward II's reign will suggest the reason. He lacked all the administrative genius of his father and in ten years had proved his incapacity for strong government after the pattern of Edward I. In the search for some way of rallying support Edward II or (what is far more likely) one of his advisers thought of a clever expedient: a second coronation, this time with holy oil, to make his position as an anointed king doubly secure.

The sting of John XXII's reply was, of course, in the Pope's insistence that any fresh Coronation must be done secretly. What use would that have been to Edward? The success of this experiment in propaganda depended on its being broadcast as widely as possible among his subjects. Only the widest publicity could achieve the political success Edward so badly needed. The Pope's suggestion robbed the ceremony of all its political value. So the project was dropped.

But the legend did not disappear from English history. About eighty years later, in 1399, Henry of Lancaster usurped the throne from Richard II. Many things had to be explained away by the new government, and not the least of these was the question whether it was lawful in any circumstances to dethrone a king anointed of God. There were many political and legal arguments for those sufficiently educated to follow them: but those whose reverence for crowned heads was less sophisticated in its roots must be given something they could understand more easily. It came in the form of a story, which is recorded by Thomas Walsingham in his history:

"On the day of the Translation of St. Edward, King and Confessor, King Henry IV was crowned at Westminster by Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, on the same day on which he had been exiled in the previous year, not without divine miracle as it may be thought, and a sign of richer grace for him in future, as is believed, he was anointed with the heavenly oil which formerly the Blessed Mary, Mother of God, committed to the custody of Blessed Thomas, Martyr, Archbishop of Canterbury, when he was in exile, prophesying to him that Kings of

England who should be anointed with the oil would be champions of the Church and benefactors.

"This oil, preserved in a golden eagle, and a stone phial was hidden for a long time, but at length was miraculously revealed when the lord Henry, first Duke of Lancaster, was abroad waging the King's wars. The aforesaid eagle was indeed delivered to him by a certain holy man, who had found it by divine revelation. He gave it to the very noble Prince Edward, eldest son of the illustrious Edward, King of England, that he should be anointed with that oil, as King after the death of his father. He put the aforesaid oil in the Tower of London, locked up in a chest fitted with many locks, and it lay there either through forgetfulness or neglect up to the time of King Richard, son of that renowned prince.

"In the year 1399 the aforesaid King Richard carefully looking over the things left him by his forefathers, found the eagle and phial and the writing or prophecy of the Blessed Thomas Martyr with them. And when he learned of the virtue of such oil he asked Lord Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, to anoint him afresh with the oil. This Lord Thomas absolutely refused to do, saying that it was enough for him that he had undertaken with his own hands the anointing in a previous coronation, which ought not to be repeated. King Richard carried this eagle with its phial on his journey to Ireland, and again on his return to this country. He handed it over to the archbishop at his request saying that he was now quite certain that it was not the divine will that he should be anointed with that oil, but that so noble a sacrament was for someone else. But the Archbishop keeping such a great treasure in his custody kept it until the time of the coronation of the King who now is, who was the first of the Kings of England to be anointed with the precious liquid."

There is no evidence that any special oil was used at Henry IV's coronation. Certainly, if the legend did anything to strengthen the position of the Lancastrian dynasty, it had come too late to be a challenge to the superior claims of the French Kings. It was now only an instrument of propaganda in English politics. And as time went on it lost its power even for that purpose. With the coming of the Tudors, particularly after Henry VIII created the new ideal of kingship based on the theory of the royal supremacy, subtler and more forceful methods of royal propaganda made the medieval methods look old fashioned. The language in which Cranmer spoke at Edward VI's coronation differed greatly from that used by Hincmar of Rheims:

"... The solemn rites of coronation have their ends and utility, yet neither direct force nor necessity: they be good admonitions to put kings in mind of their duty of God, but no increasement of their dignity. For they be God's anointed, not in respect of the oil which the bishop useth, but in consideration of their power which is ordained, of the sword which is authorised, of their persons which are elected by God, and endowed with the gifts of his Spirit for the better ruling and guiding of his people. The oil, if added, is but a ceremony; if it be wanting, that king is yet a perfect monarch notwithstanding and God's anointed, as well as if he was inoiled."

### 'A Lady in Diamonds'

By the seventeenth century the medieval legend had lost all its political significance and had dwindled into a superstitious belief in the virtue of the healing touch. As such it outlived the Stuarts, but the passing of the theory of Divine Right and the cold scepticism of the eighteenth century, robbed it of even this significance. It is perhaps appropriate, therefore, to let Boswell pronounce a valediction on the legend of the holy oil:

"Young Johnson had the misfortune to be much afflicted with the scrofula, or King's evil, which disfigured a countenance naturally well formed, and hurt his visual nerves so much that he did not see at all with one of his eyes, though its appearance was little different from that of the other . . . His mother, yielding to the superstitious notion which, it is wonderful to think, prevailed so long in this country, as to the virtue of the regal touch; a notion which our kings encouraged, and to which a man of such inquiry and such judgment as Carte could give credit; carried him to London, where he was actually touched by Queen Anne. Mrs. Johnson, indeed, as Mrs. Hector informed me, acted by the advice of the celebrated Sir John Floyer, then a physician in Lichfield. Johnson used to talk of this very frankly; and Mrs. Piozzi has preserved his very picturesque description of the scene as it remained upon his fancy. Being asked if he could remember Queen Anne "He had", he said, "a confused, but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood". The touch, however, was without any effect. I ventured to say to him, in allusion to the political principles in which he was educated, and of which he ever retained some odour, that "his mother had not carried him far enough: she should have taken him to Rome".

—From a talk in the Third Programme



# The Queen and Her People

By G. J. RENIER

**T**HE average British citizen does not give much thought to the precise constitutional status of his young Queen. He is no constitutional lawyer, no historian. Why expect him to meditate upon the paradox that he still lives under an unlimited despotism, but that this despotism is exercised, not by Her Majesty in person, but by Her Majesty in parliament? And that this means that he, the ordinary Briton, has a share in these unlimited and awe-inspiring powers of the Crown.

The constitutional rôle of the monarchy is only one part of its function. The Queen may be the centre, the pivot of the constitution. But she is also the centre and the rallying point of national life. It is in this capacity that the ordinary man values her and looks up to her. He is right, because as head of the nation the Queen plays a part that is even more vital than that which she plays as the embodiment of the law and the constitution. This second function of the British monarch is less subtle, but it is complex nevertheless. It springs from a number of different sources in national life and in popular psychology. It is made up of elements that affect every British individual, to such a degree that there is absolutely no trace of republicanism in this country.

## Elliptical Logic

I have discussed the monarchy on frequent occasions during the past few months or, rather, I have launched the matter as a suitable subject for discussion among students, and once even at a humanist Sunday school where the age of the children ranged from eight to fifteen. It was at this Sunday school that I got the best reply of all—that is, provided you agree with me that we should not demand from a bright youngster of nine the logic and coherence we might get from a barrister-at-law. His answer presented a curious example of elliptical logic, of shorthand speech, which fascinated me: 'Our new Queen is so important that they are going to put her portrait on all the postage stamps and on all our money, so that we shall remember that we are British'.

Translated into the more pretentious speech of adults, this means that the monarch is omnipresent, visible all the time to the mind's eye as a symbol of national existence. The Queen is, therefore, a perpetual reminder of the national consciousness of each individual member of the nation. And this at present, more than ever before, is a vital matter. Nationalism, which is the morbid exaggeration of national sentiment, is dangerous. We see its evil effects in certain Asiatic countries, and we used to see it at work with all its dangers to world peace in Hitlerite Germany and in other fascist countries. But the feeling of an ordinary person, that he is part of a population which is homogeneous and belongs together, on the one hand, and which is distinct, on the other hand, from other similar populations, *that* feeling is indeed normal, healthy, and good for the world.

Our civilisation is in danger, and people will not defend it unless they are inspired by attachment to their national group, by the pride derived from their national traditions and patrimony. Sane patriotism inspired the resistance movements during the second world war, movements that played such a vital part in the eventual liberation of Europe. The same sentiment may well turn out to be the inspiration of a frame of mind that will immunise us against the threat from the new enemy of civilisation. And patriotism becomes a clearer issue when it can, as in Britain, find a concrete human symbol in the person of a beloved ruler.

Surprisingly, I met my second point in a discussion group of university students. As chance would have it, there were no conservatives among them, but only liberals and socialists. 'We are primarily attached to the monarchy and to the ruler', one young man said, 'because we were born under a monarchical system, and because human beings are especially attached to that which they have always known'. This answer gave me some misgivings. Was the young man a cynic? No, his colleagues agreed with him, even though they did not think that his formulation was the happiest that could have been chosen. They all considered that what exists has a prior claim upon our good will: they were opposed to revolution. They did not go as far as to think that, if the monarchy were a bad institution, it would have to be

preserved merely because it was there. Oh, no! But the existing form of life, they thought, ought forever to be our point of departure.

Needless to say, the sentiment which these students were voicing is 'loyalism', an important element of cultural preservation, which, if properly understood, is not the enemy of reform and of improvement. It is accompanied, in this country, with a desire for better things which is common to all parties. The third, and perhaps the most significant factor that makes the monarchy so popular, and at the same time so useful in the life of the British, is the manifestation of psychological and, indeed, anthropological realities that are deeply embedded in the popular mind. Here, again, my answer comes from a young person. She is a shop girl, who regularly attends my discussion evenings at the youth centre in my suburban borough. We were talking about the view expressed by one newspaper—that there had been too much ceremonial, too much pomp and circumstance, at the funeral of the late King George VI. In this, as in the previous cases which I mentioned, the subject was brought up for discussion by the young people themselves. They are all of them fascinated by the question of royalty and monarchy. Given the chance, they will talk about it by the hour. 'We cannot pay too much homage to our dead King', said the shop girl. 'We cannot have too much ceremony. He was—our Father!' And there you have the matter in a nutshell. The King is the idealised father. And a reigning Queen? That is a matter with which I shall deal in a moment.

In the life of every infant, male or female, the father is an important, a supremely important element, the embodiment of strength and wisdom, the natural protector from all danger. He is a figure that inspires reverence and love. But, alas, in this imperfect world of ours the father also acquires, very soon, certain less attractive characteristics. He is the child's competitor for the love of his mother. He is authority that limits the child's freedom. Then, another element enters into operation. Human nature feeds on day-dreams and make-believe. The father's shortcomings are compensated by the discovery of some figure that becomes a symbolic father, more aloof, more perfect, more revered, than the real father ever was. In dark antiquity, far away among distant tribes, the sacred person of the king has provided the symbolic and better father. But when, as in Britain, the King is a constitutional ruler, this psychologically useful symbolisation works more perfectly still. The ideal father reigns, but does not govern; he makes no mistakes; he remains wise, infallible and above criticism.

## The Fallen Image

A leading British psycho-analyst, Dr. Ernest Jones, has advanced a fascinating theory on this subject. Constitutional government, he argues, satisfies deep-seated psychological needs in a particularly efficacious way, because it splits the symbolic father into two parts. There is the idealised and supremely lovable father, the King. But there is also the embodiment of the strong, difficult, domineering father, and he is none other than the Prime Minister. If things go wrong, there is still no need for unconscious resentment to be directed against the monarch. The Prime Minister becomes the scapegoat. And he can be sent away!

All this is so true that nations which try to do without a royal figure immediately give themselves a Cromwell, a Robespierre, or a Bonaparte, a Hitler or a Stalin, with whom they try, and try in vain, to fill the place that has been left open. And this person can never become a truly national symbol, because he is the expression of an ideology, the leader of a party, and, therefore, not the leader of the whole nation.

When, as in Holland, and now in Britain, too, the monarch is a reigning Queen, none of the advantages of idealised fatherhood is lost. The Queen simply becomes an idealised parent. The youth of the new Queen presents no difficulty. It is a handicap which is overcome by the ceremonial that endows her with sacred and religious attributes. Like a king, she is intangible and raised above common humanity. But she has, added to these advantages, the beauty of youthful charm which appeals to men and women alike. And her sex rouses in men feelings of chivalrous devotion that are extraordinarily efficacious in strengthening loyalism and national sentiment.—*European Service*



# Our Kings and Queens in Pictures

By C. V. WEDGWOOD

**T**HIRTEEN hundred years of monarchy and nearly ninety different faces—kings, queens consort, queens regnant, and queens dowager, two or three princes and one princess who never reached the throne—they all face us from the walls and showcases of the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House. What a gathering for amateurs of physiognomy or history or both. Early kings, it is true, are not facially recognisable as individuals, merely as crudely regal heads or figures on coins and seals: absorbing to antiquarians but less so to those in quest of a likeness. But even in later epochs the true likeness, the revealing likeness, which most of us instinctively look for in a portrait is elusive.

In the past fifty years or so a science and scholarship of historical portraiture has been laboriously built up. The temperate and learned catalogue of this exhibition tells something, and implies even more, about the problems of a subject which is full of pitfalls for the unwary: identity, for instance. It is only beginning to be generally realised that a portrait is not necessarily rightly named because it has had the same name on its frame for as long as anyone can remember.

Our romantic forefathers, especially in the early nineteenth century, abhorred anonymity and consequently made a habit of putting names to faces whenever they could, the more famous names the better. In this exhibition of kings and queens, for instance, one queen is missing, poor Lady Jane Grey, 'Jane the Queene' as she signed herself for a few days in 1553 before she was turned off the throne, shut up in the Tower, and in due course sent to the block. Jane the Queen is not left out because of her dubious right to be called a queen at all; she is left out because there is no *authentic* portrait of her. Such are the results of scholarship; fifty years ago quite a number of pretty little faces in dress of approximately the right date were to be found up and down the country, labelled Lady Jane Grey. Some of them still appear as illustrations to history books; illusions are relinquished slowly and regretfully.

Disentangling confused identities is a perennial problem for students of portraits. Several in this exhibition have been at one time or another wrongly named. Here, for instance, is the portrait of Catherine of Aragon by Joannes Corvus, and very like her too, no doubt, this rather heavy, dignified person not in her first youth. But the catalogue says that until fairly recently this portrait was thought to represent Margaret Tudor, wife of James IV of Scotland, who was after all only a relation by marriage to Catherine of Aragon; sister-in-law to be exact. The two ladies did not resemble each other in character or looks; they only dressed rather alike. Again, there is the extremely interesting portrait of the young Charles II painted during his exile abroad, standing in armour with a naval battle in the background, and looking very swarthy, very much the Black Boy of the Cavalier toasts; some years back this portrait was catalogued as Prince Rupert. An understandable error as Charles and Rupert were first cousins and the family resemblance is strong. Fortunately, there is for each of them a whole series of well-authenticated portraits against which to check the likeness and to put such errors right.

At this particular exhibition, as at most public galleries by now, the portraits have all passed through the sieve of scholarship which eliminates errors of this kind. But optimistic, or dubious, or downright

false identifications are still to be found under portraits in private houses and, not infrequently, in the illustrations of history books; so that before falling into raptures at the tragic beauty of Mary Queen of Scots in some dark old picture on a dark old wall in a dark old house, it is advisable that we should be quite sure that it really is Mary Queen of Scots.



Lady Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV, painted by John Straford or John Searl, Serjeant-painters to the King

The identity of a portrait is only the first question. Many other questions have to be asked and answered before we can learn what is to be learnt from a picture. Is the portrait painted from the life for instance? Or is it a copy of one painted from life, or an adaptation? Is it contemporary or of a later time? How far is it removed by time, or by intervening processes, from the face that it claims to represent?

One dominating stock pattern, from a Holbein original since destroyed, is the origin of the greater number of portraits of Henry VIII. Some of these versions are better pictures than others, some are more lifelike, but all are at least two removes from Henry's actual face. One thing we know: Henry approved. This was a vision of himself which was agreeable to him.

Again, with Elizabeth I, there are only a few recognisably different versions of her face from which most of the known portraits derive. Partly by accident and partly by design—for Elizabeth interfered to prevent the multiplication of bad, unauthorised portraits of herself—the two great Tudor monarchs, father and daughter, each succeeded in implanting a strong, popular, and unchallenged visual conception of themselves. Were these conceptions true to the facts? Approximately, no doubt, and in a simplified and formalised manner. I would not go to portraits of either of these

sovereigns to learn the truth about their souls; that can be sought elsewhere, in letters, for instance. But for a splendid outer truth, for the public personality, for the embodiment of the Tudor idea of kingship, these portraits are glittering evidence. What could be more telling than the formidable Henry VIII, feet planted well apart, glaring like a momentarily appeased but ferocious bull? And Elizabeth, in that formal picture of her visit to Blackfriars, is the very spirit of her time and reign, majestic in jewelled brocade of inhuman stiffness, the pyramid of her robes surmounted by a face and hair gem-like in outline and bright as enamel. She makes her progress, surrounded and borne along by her devoted lords; the apotheosis of queenly triumph.

With the Stuarts, especially with Charles I, comes an epoch richer in portraiture than any before. Charles, a most distinguished patron of the arts, was painted by several different hands. Not every portrait is from the life; Van Dyck used the same version of the King's head in more than one composition, and there are a very great number of studio copies. But with Charles, for the first time, there is a series of contemporary pictures in which the span of a life can be seen from the peaky face of a delicate child, the rather cheerful Prince of Wales and young King of Peter Oliver and Daniel Mytens, the elegant and grave figure of the Van Dyck epoch, the worried and aging features shown by Lely during an interval in the Civil War, to the extraordinary picture by Edward Bower which shows King Charles on trial a few days before his execution.

The King looks out on his judges with an expression strained and steadfast; it is by far the most dramatic picture in the exhibition\*. It is also one of the most extraordinary pictorial records in English history,

\* Reproduced in THE LISTENER on April 2



fascinating in what it tells and in what it implies. Naturally Edward Bower, the artist, did not set up an easel and paint there and then in Westminster Hall; but he made sketches there from which he later worked up this and several other similar portraits. It is not an absolutely dispassionate portrait—few portraits are; but there were special circumstances connected with this one. It was a picture intended for the King's faithful subjects, not for rebels. Bower was interpreting the King for the Royalists, and the face that he saw was not the face seen that day in Westminster Hall by Oliver Cromwell or Bradshaw. The true face—the face that would have been caught by one of our modern relentless cameramen had such a one been there—the true face would have been something between the two, but closer I think to Bower's version because sympathy is on the whole less of a diffomer than hatred. Still, it must be kept in mind that this is a picture by one whose heart was with the doomed King; how different therefore it is in character from such comparable works of art as the sketches made by the Jacobin Louis David of Marie Antoinette on her way to the scaffold.

Bower portrayed the King sympathetically but he must also have done so truthfully. The trial was public, was widely described and discussed; whatever refinements and improvements and minor variations Bower may have introduced when working up his sketches in his studio, he had to keep as close as he could to the features of the King as they had been seen and noticed. We can trust him therefore for the general impression, the pose and features, the paleness of the face, the greying beard which—as we know from other sources—the King had allowed to grow when in prison at Carisbrooke. But I wish I knew if we could trust him for such details of observation as, for instance, the frail and wasted look of the King's wrists. Had King Charles really grown so thin, been so worn away to nothing by anxiety and distress as that pitifully bare right wrist emerging from the dark sleeve seems to suggest? Can we trust the evidence of the picture? Was Bower really a careful observer of every detail or did he merely draw hands and wrists rather badly, rather like sticks? The hands are differently disposed in different versions of the picture and the wrists do not show so much, which may mean that he sketched the hands in different positions, or that he did not sketch them at all but filled them in afterwards to suit himself.

Pictorially speaking, our kings from Charles I-onward are very well documented, though not always by artists of the first distinction. Once we reach those ages in which the royal face is represented from a number of different directions at a number of different epochs, it becomes possible to form a visual idea of the personality. Yet the natural man or woman is always marked by a certain formality and convention in a royal portrait. It takes different forms in different epochs: in the middle ages the formal idea of the crowned king was more important than the personal appearance of any individual king; the essential was that he should look like a king rather than like this or that Edward or Henry Plantagenet. Although the idea of likeness was emerging, possibly with the help of death masks, by the time of Edward III it was still well under the control of a formal idea, even in such intelligently differentiated portraits as those of the Yorkists, Edward IV and Richard III, or even of Edward's Queen, pert Elizabeth Woodville. With the Renaissance and the coming to England of a major artist, Hans Holbein, the idea of likeness gained in importance. Henry VIII and Elizabeth curbed and controlled it: very well, let the royal portraits be like the King's or the Queen's Majesty but subject to their own idealised conceptions of themselves.



Visit of Queen Elizabeth I to Blackfriars, attributed to Marcus Gheeraerts II

The flatteries and formalisations are more subtle and less easily detected in the many and realistic portraits of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, but they are still there; for even to the artist, and more especially if he is a court painter, royal personages embody both a person and an idea. In an epoch where portraiture aims essentially at realism, or still more in an epoch like our own, in which the photograph has come to dominate our visual conception of royalty, the human aspect of the sitter must be treated naturalistically but with certain conventional improvements. How enchantingly unnatural, for instance, is the naturalness of the family group in Winterhalter's masterpiece of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and family: can all those little boys and girls really have had such shining hair, such dimpled, waxen clear complexions. Ordinary little boys and girls may have lacklustre hair and pasty faces, but these are little princes and princesses and so, by the conventions of 1846 they must all have rosy cheeks. Move back a couple of centuries, and even royal children may be as pale and wan as poor little James VI of Scotland, or even his grandson, twelve-year-old Charles II on the opposite wall, who is cheerful enough but not a very good colour.

But there was no reason why royal children should look any healthier than others before the cult of health and hygiene began. The formalisation, the perfectionism comes out in a different way: in the stiffly regal bearing of little King James, curiously out of key with his wary eyes, or the easily martial pose of the young Charles II, already quite the young commander in his gilt suit of armour. Not, of course, that such poses are necessarily untrue to life: Charles II at twelve insisted on joining in the Battle of Edgehill and caused a fair amount of embarrassment to those whose duty it was to keep him out of mischief and out of danger. The pose in which Dobson has shown him, though formal, is not necessarily forced. The whole secret of the convincing royal portrait is to strike the right compromise between the natural and the formal, to raise the human characteristics to a slightly higher power, so that they become royal yet remain human.

Yet, inevitably, in the long generations before the camera, we miss the entirely natural gesture, and since gesture can be as indicative as feature, it is a great lack. But there is at least one small picture in this exhibition in which we seem to catch for a moment, a perfectly natural gesture. It is the drawing by George Dawe of Princess



Charles II, when Prince of Wales, by William Dobson



Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent, at the theatre with her husband Prince Leopold. This is surely the Princess caught at an unguarded moment: she is leaning forward in a way that suggests a spontaneous, impulsive, rather clumsy movement, youthful and unrestrained. It seems to sum up so much that we know of the Princess and of her brief impetuous life, from other accounts of her career and from her lively, ill-spelt letters; this generous, high-spirited, undisciplined young girl—how beautifully *right* this impression of her seems, as she leans suddenly forward, unselfconscious and enjoying herself, laying one hand on the arm of her vigilant but loving husband.

But again, it is possible that the picture does not really tell any such story, that it is the result of our own preconceived ideas about Princess Charlotte. This is, alas, always a danger in looking at historic portraits. Think Henry VII a wicked spider and he will look like a wicked spider to you. Think Anne Boleyn a scheming minx, and what a scheming minx she looks to be sure. And 'poor Fred', the eldest son of George II and father of George III, in spite of the rather splendid pose and robes of the portrait attributed to Alan Ramsay, how very silly he looks. But then can we look at him without remembering the rhyme

Here lies Fred  
Who was alive and is dead . . .

Is he not fixed for us by tradition as a silly before we see the picture, so that we make it tell us what we think we know already?

Let us not underestimate the difficulties of approaching historical portraits in a spirit of unbiased enquiry. On the other hand it would be equally mistaken to exile all romantic or subjective pleasure merely because it is unscientific. It may be pleasure just the same, it may be harmless, legitimate, even in its own way, valuable pleasure. Without discipline historical material cannot be properly used, but without imagination it cannot be used at all. The immense value of portraits is that they stimulate the imagination, even if from time to time they stimulate it at the expense of objectivity and even of exactitude. But after all, they are no more complex than other kinds of evidence. Words change their meaning, documents are liable to more than one interpretation; all historical evidence can be misleading if approached in the wrong way or with insufficient knowledge, and all of it is more or less imperfect.

Portraits have their problems like all the other records left over from a past that can never be recalled, in all its vitality and entirety. If they make us feel that we know the people better, why quarrel with the illusion; even if it is partly self-induced, it is also partly true—*Third Programme*

## A Commonwealth Stocktaking

# The Continuing Challenge

The Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P., gives the first of a series of four talks

EVERY so often, you have to look round and take stock. This is one of those times. Anniversaries of every kind—birthdays, the New Year, Coronations, the very run of the seasons—have as part of their significance, just that. Sometimes it lifts up the heart. Sometimes it hurts. Generally, a little of both. Tonight begins a stock-taking, from north, south, east, and west, of Commonwealth and Empire, parts of a whole, a developing group; the most widespread, the most fluid, and in most ways the newest, of all the devices of government that the world has seen. From the north, from the United Kingdom, we have our own particular angle. Here was where it all started. But it has long since overflowed the bounds of any particular people or, indeed, of any particular continent.

The picture really runs back naturally over the past two reigns, the Georgian reigns taken together, 1910 to the present day, King George V and his son King George VI. These come into one piece, just as do the two reigns before that: the reigns of Queen Victoria and of Edward VII. The Victorian period covers the Great Peace, and the days almost without challenge to our fortunes. The Georgian period is that of the great Wars—already a cold war, in 1910, against Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany; and, cold or hot, scarcely ceasing from that day to this. These are the years of the new challenge; sharpening, deepening each year; continuing now; as sharp and as insistent as we have ever known it in all our history.

Yes, as sharp and as insistent. But not more sharp, not more insistent, than we, in the north, have known it. That is the point of a long history. That is the lesson of the past; the enormous toils and dangers which had to be overcome—which were overcome. That is the first, the special, contribution which we here in the Old Country are able to make to the vigour and resolution of the Great State of which we all form part. We remember so much. We lost, long ago, a mighty stake, when, after 100 years and more of war, we saw the Anglo-French Kingdom, which we had so nearly brought to birth, broken across by Joan of Arc. More recently we lost half of our strength, when, after hewing the Thirteen States of North America out of the wilderness, we found the North Atlantic community, to which we are now so painfully struggling to return, torn in two between George III and General Washington.

Well, we came through. We have been able to live at peace and as good friends with the descendants of both. What is more, in the great changes which we have seen of recent years—changes in Asia, changes in Africa—the lessons we have learnt from history have been always in our minds. Today, representatives from all over the world are already travelling towards us, for the great assembly which is

taking place this June. It is for us all more than an assembly. It is, for us all, an 'At Home'. That is a credit item we set down as one in which we here can certainly claim our share. In spite of the great wars, in spite of economic crisis upon economic crisis, in spite of quarrels and causes for quarrels, men of very many races and nations are coming here, to the United Kingdom, with a feeling of a certain common purpose, certain shared ideals—more, with a certain feeling of common ownership, in fact of common wealth, which they do not have in any other relation, or towards any other association. Actually, I am speaking from Edinburgh, in the 'country that likes to be visited'; and we in Scotland claim that here is a sense of welcome, a sense of friendliness, evident, and enjoyed by our fellow citizens from overseas, going far beyond the ordinary courtesies of shopkeepers or tourist agencies—nor do we claim any monopoly of that spirit.

In these days, when men hate each other so bitterly, and shut themselves off from each other so fiercely, that is no small achievement. How was it done? Not by accident. It was done by the magnanimity of great leaders, by the skill of fellow craftsmen, by the words of the poets, by the honourable toil, day in day out, of those who, as the Scripture says, have no memorial but have perished as though they had never been. Except for their work; in virtue of which we have stood, and stand; and are able to invite all the world to pass freely and at ease through our streets and through our countrysides—a credit item indeed.

But do not let us underestimate the debit items, either. A great part of the direct sway and authority which we exercised over the world in the last two reigns has passed. A great deal of the wealth by which we traded and invested has gone. We have to reconquer our prestige, to justify again our claim to leadership. This cannot be done by traditions, however great, or by spectacles, however splendid. In these new days we have to start again from scratch. It requires a pretty wide re-adjustment of outlook. Museums are all very well. But they are visited only at long intervals; on very special occasions. The day's work, and today's at that, is what interests us all, whether in states or in individuals, whether as rulers or as servants. Nothing could be more dangerous than that we in the Old Country should lean back and rely on our past. It is our special temptation, the most seductive of all temptations; the one into which we are encouraged not only by ourselves but by others. We must keep in mind, especially at this time, the bitter Hollywood wise-crack, 'You're only as good as your last film'.

Our leaders, our philosophies, our inventions of the past, are already part of the world's inheritance. We have to throw up, once more, new



men, new philosophies, new skills. That is the continuing challenge.

The greatest essential to meet it is the continuing quality of magnanimity, and that, on the whole, so far, we have been able to achieve. No one is so tedious, no one so certainly doomed to failure, as the man, or the nation, with a grievance. We have lost much. So be it. There is more where that came from. After all, ours, as I said, is the newest of the empires. It should be able to adjust all the more quickly. The oldest, the most rigid of the empires, Russia, had already reached the Pacific by the days of Queen Anne. The Kremlin ruled all Russia and its dependants then. It rules all Russia and its dependants with the same centralised grip today. Do you know that the railway station clocks in Russia, even now, keep Moscow time clear across Europe and Asia to Vladivostok? They do not, as far as I remember, do that in Canada.

The United States are much younger; but their Constitution (by the way I only mention this quite objectively, with the highest praise) is essentially that laid down by the Fathers of the Republic, after their victory over George III. Great new developments they will have, but these will have to conform to the pattern.

As for us, after every war we lose an empire and gain an empire. The phoenix is consumed, but a new one rises from the ashes. Where is the new one to come from now? It may perhaps be a leadership no longer physical, but of the spirit—a kind of lay Papacy, so to speak. The changes in the political structure of the Commonwealth, and still more of the Empire, during the Georgian reign, are literally unprecedented. They continue, at a speed which takes one's breath away. Yet this country is still news. The world is more than ever interested in our way of life. The very word Commonwealth embodies an entirely new conception. It was only brought in within the most recent years. It was coined by a great statesman (the very type of the magnanimous man of whom I have been speaking) Field-Marshal—or as we knew him, General—Smuts, who learnt so much at Cambridge, which he loved so dearly. I remember him saying: 'You are not an old people, you are a young people. Look at the way you are accepting change. Only a young people could do it'.

Curiously enough, this is in some ways literally true. Churchill said, not long ago, that there are twice as many people in these islands now as there were when he was born. That is, a new United Kingdom population of some 25,000,000, a new population larger in itself than that of Canada or Australia. Even during the last two reigns there has appeared here a new additional population of 10,000,000 and more. It is a new state, which has been successfully brought to birth in Leeds and Manchester, in Cardiff and Swansea, in Belfast, in Glasgow and the Lothians, in London and Liverpool, as much as in the wide open

spaces of the New World and the Antipodes. Its citizens are able to challenge comparison physically with any people; they enjoy one of the highest standards of living on earth. This has dangers of its own. But it is certainly an achievement.

This state has had to justify itself, and will have to justify itself, by its powers of invention; not only in physical, but in social engineering. About its physical needs, for new ships, new chemicals, new processes, much has been said: of its requirements in social engineering not so much. Yet the latter is just as important. We here, this blend of old and new, have had to tackle, first, because it began here, that riddle of the sphinx, the enormous struggle rising out of the industrial revolution, which was focused so sharply by Disraeli in his book *The Two Nations*. These two nations were, quite simply, the rich and the poor. Karl Marx, writing and working in England much later, could see no bridge across this abyss; and his solution was only 'a heavy civil war'. This desperate remedy has been adopted by many people, and has brought many peoples down. It still remains the gospel of a third of the world. Yet here, where it originated, men of good will were even then working on other lines. These have succeeded. During the Georgian reigns, in spite of the wars, in spite of all the strains of the times, this problem, by common consent, has been very largely solved; and exactly by that same quality of magnanimity, of nursing no grievance, of letting bygones be bygones.

When we are stocktaking we can put that to our credit: a contribution which Britain was peculiarly fitted to make; a vital contribution, coming in an age in which good will is so hard to find. We can also claim, I think, some success in the transformations made necessary when the political power, originally the prerogative of the Government in Whitehall, was portioned out among the overseas communities coming forward to claim it. It was no easy task. The history of Spain, in South America, shows how hard may be its accomplishment. That new political structure is coming into being under our very eyes. The Queen's new style and title marked a new, long stage. Even as late as the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, in 1919, the names of the Dominions were printed not quite level in the page with that of the United Kingdom. The mother country had then a suzerainty not shared by the rest.

It is a far cry from that to the treaties recently signed by Australia and New Zealand with the United States, to which the United Kingdom is not even a party. We do not protest. But then our attitude, I suspect, is rather that of the Highland chief who was commiserated with on not being seated at the head of the table. 'Where the MacDonald sits', he remarked, 'is the head of the table'.—*Home Service*

## Population—To What End?

By HONOR CROOME

SOME weeks ago, Mr. Colin Clark gave a talk on population.\* It was a stimulating and provocative talk; it was also a nice exercise in the setting up and skilful bowling over of synthetic cockshies. Less explicitly, it was an attempt to reconcile the different levels of thought and feeling which go to make up our attitude towards the population question. I want to bring this process of reconciliation out into the open. What are, in fact, the elements which have to be reconciled?

There is the purely materialistic element, the economists' calculus of increasing and diminishing returns. Take on the one hand the known fact that greater numbers bring greater possibilities of specialisation, of mass production, of technical advance; take on the other hand the obvious fact that greater numbers mean fewer acres and natural resources per head; set these two facts, these ascending and descending graphs, against one another, and if the data are reasonably correct it is possible to calculate that a certain size of population is economically the best, that it will yield a bigger output per head, a higher material standard, than any other size whether larger or smaller. It is a calculation which abstracts from everything about the human race except its instrumental value as a factor in production; to the question 'Population—to what end?' it implicitly answers 'For producing money's worth'.

In diametrical contrast to this purely materialist view stands the religious view of the Christian and, above all, of the Roman Catholic. The broad outline of Catholic doctrine as it affects this question is familiar: life on earth is a probation, a means of qualifying for life eternal; so obedience to the moral law matters infinitely more than poverty or prosperity, temporal happiness or unhappiness. The moral law allows no other check upon the fruitfulness of marriage than self-discipline and mastery over natural desires. Those who follow their natural desires must take the consequences, welcome or unwelcome, of their natural fertility. If, human nature and human weakness being what they are, the workings of this unconditional imperative produce material hardship, even material disaster, one must still prefer these results to the sin of disobedience. Right is right and wrong is wrong, absolutely. To the question 'Population—to what end?' the right answer is 'For the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven'.

And behind both these views there is another, a matter of age-old instinct, an attitude rooted in the prehistory of the human race, slow-breeding and defenceless among its natural rivals: the attitude that fertility is sacred and sterility accursed. The first gods were fertility gods, the first rites fertility rites. The crop in the fields, the yield of the herds, the life of the tribe, the life of its gods, were one and indivisible, thriving or perishing together. This enduring, undifferentiated sense of



the sacredness of fertility is a matter of emotion, of conviction, beyond the reach of arithmetic and logic. It is felt, more or less powerfully and continuously, by people of all religions—and of none. I know something about it; if I did not I probably would not have five children of my own. To the question 'Population—to what end?' the primitive instincts of our race reply 'For the sake of life itself'.

### Latter-day Humanism

Now these three attitudes—materialist, religious, instinctive—can be completely harmonised in a demonstrably underpopulated world or country. As long as the produce of more hands would outweigh the consumption of more mouths, materialism itself demands that man increase and multiply as fast as possible. And a partial harmony can be found on less rigorous conditions. Supposing that a tolerable standard of living, even if not the highest, is possible for as many people as are likely to be born when religious sanctions and primitive attitudes are in full effect; then it is possible to say to the out-and-out materialist 'Economics is not everything. We will increase and multiply and be content with a dinner of herbs, and you can keep your stalled ox'. That is the harmony which Mr. Clark tries to establish. He must establish it if he wants people to listen to him, and to alter their family habits, and to stop deploring the family habits of, say, the West Indians. For, whether rightly or wrongly, most people today have come to demand that *this* life be tolerable; that happiness, however they may conceive it, be available on *this* side of the grave. They are, in short, humanists. They may attach more or less importance to material things; they refuse to neglect them entirely. So it is necessary to convince them that the religious and primitive imperatives can be followed without temporal disaster; that they can have their cake and eat it, too.

Mr. Clark tells them that they can, quite easily. Population, he says, is not such an inevitably explosive force; through most of history it has grown very slowly, with rare bursts of expansion balanced by long periods of stagnation during which food was obviously not the limiting factor. Moreover, despite the panic-mongers, there still remain great tracts of cultivable land needing only the application of science and human energy to yield abundant harvests. Even India, with her dense population and low living standards, could carry several times her present numbers were her cultivators as skilled as the Dutch.

I am not a qualified demographer or geographer or soil expert. I note that most of these specialists radically disagree with Mr. Clark. But I am willing to forget them all and to concede his whole case, for the purposes of argument. If the Indian peasant were taught to farm as well as the Dutchman; if modern dry-farming techniques were applied to the semi-arid regions of China; if the resources of soil chemistry were applied to the tropical rain-forest; if, in short, food production were everywhere carried on by the best methods now known—then the earth could feed four or five times its present population far better than most people are fed today. But the trouble is with those 'ifs'.

The potential world-wide arithmetical balance is not the whole story. One must also consider the practical path by which this theoretically possible goal can be reached. Increased food production is a potentiality. Explosive population increase is a fact, to the tune of 25,000,000 extra mouths a year. This is not because people are breeding more freely than in the past, but because, thanks to modern medical science, more and more of those born are surviving to maturity and becoming parents in their turn. And a very good thing, too. Those safely stagnant periods of human history were stagnant because disease and war held the birth-rate in balance—and moreover kept it down by killing off young people. Their representative human figure is that of Rachel weeping for her children, because they were not. Increasing population, as one well-known authority has said, is the most certain possible sign of the happiness and prosperity of a state. But what it portends for future happiness and prosperity is another question. If resources can be increased towards their potential maximum faster than population is increasing, everything is splendid from every point of view; if the increase in resources is slower, but not much slower, material happiness and prosperity will be impaired, but not seriously impaired; if it is very much slower, then, whatever their potential maximum, disaster is coming. It is the tempo of increase that matters, a question on which Mr. Clark has nothing whatever to say. And the operative, relevant tempo is that which can be achieved given the nature and the social habits and the prejudices of people as they are; not the tempo which would be possible if every cultivator the world over were endowed with the innovating zeal, the readiness to learn, the general flexibility of mind

and habit, of a keen young student at a Danish agricultural college.

Just consider what is implied, merely in human and social terms, by the raising of farming standards everywhere to European levels. One backward but potentially fruitful country may need a revolutionary change in land tenure; another, a revolutionary exodus of surplus labour from the land and its diversion to industries serving food production indirectly; another a revolutionary change from nomadism to settled agriculture. When changes such as these are carried through at top speed, without time for social and psychological adaptation, they are cruelly disruptive of the social fabric and destructive to human happiness.

Look at Russia and her satellites. Or look nearer home. The agricultural and industrial revolutions in Great Britain saved millions of new mouths from starvation; but at what a cost in human misery and degradation. At what a cost, too, if Mr. Arnold Toynbee is to be believed, in international and inter-racial tension and resentments. Had those millions in Britain and in Europe accrued less swiftly, had the change been spread over more lifetimes, what a legacy of evil we should have been spared. I do not want to be misunderstood. I am not decrying change or demanding stagnation; it is the pace that matters. That ever-accelerating increase in population which is the basic demographic fact of today demands a tempo of social change beyond what human nature, particularly primitive human nature, will stand; which means a tempo which is, practically, impossible. This is why Mr. Clark's analysis is Utopian, irrelevant, and as a guide to policy disastrous.

Of course, one can look at the whole question from a purely nationalist standpoint. The oldest national answer to the question 'Population—to what end?' is 'For the sake of armed strength'. A rapidly growing nation is well placed to wage war, to throw its weight about in the world, to browbeat its neighbours. Mr. Clark cites the story of France; a story to be summed up, from this point of view, in two sayings. One is that of Napoleon after the battle of Jena contemplating the heaped corpses and remarking 'One night of Paris will make up for all that'. The other is of General Gamelin in his directive of 1939: 'Be miserly of French blood'. When French blood was cheap, France swept victorious over Europe, thereby sowing the seeds of most of Europe's later political troubles; when French blood was dear, France was pacific and defeated. Champions of explosive national increase can have the point—for what it is worth. They have Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin on their side. But one might prefer to draw the moral that demographic stability makes wars less likely. And the less militant nationalist doctrine which would send emigrants and exports overseas rather than armies and high explosive looks hardly more constructive when the nations that once welcomed immigrants by the million have cut their intake to a trickle.

### Reconciling the Religious and Humanist Attitudes

Whether on the world level or on our national level, I believe Mr. Clark has utterly failed to reconcile the primitive and religious attitude to population on the one hand and the humanist attitude on the other. We come back to the question: which shall prevail? One can answer 'Let people reply according to their own convictions. Let the humanists keep their families within the bounds set by foreseeable economic possibilities, and reap their earthly reward; and let the religious life-worshippers swarm, and reap their spiritual reward'. But when swarming has brought its foreseeable temporal results, when mere chronic malnutrition sharpens towards famine, what should the humanists do? Are they to be strictly logical and say 'You asked for it—now starve'? Within national boundaries, solidarity already rejects that answer. Wisely or unwisely, we take a collective responsibility for as many children as the most inveterate swarmers amongst us may produce. On the world scale, solidarity is very much less effective; but it is growing. It is enshrined in the declaration of the Four Freedoms; it is embodied in President Truman's Point Four. Ought it to develop to the point where those nations which have preserved a margin between resources and numbers are committed to underwriting, out of that margin, any and every increase of numbers elsewhere? Is international solidarity to be unconditional, or on terms?

Statesmen understandably dodge that question. Mr. Clark implicitly answers for unconditional solidarity. No political leader or economist, he says, has a right to interfere with the birth of children; on the contrary, parents have a right to ask that politicians or economists organise a world in which children have enough to eat. Not being omnipotent, all that politicians and economists can do in the short run,

(continued on page 894)



# The Fall of Byzantium\*

By NORMAN BAYNES

FIVE hundred years ago, on May 29, 1453, the Turks entered Constantinople and the Byzantine Empire ceased to be. The last Byzantine emperor, Constantine XI, died fighting for his city. It was the end of a chapter, and that chapter, the history of the Christian Empire, had lasted for more than 1,000 years. And at the close of that millennium of history we naturally look backward. The prejudice against the Byzantine Empire is not quite dead yet—we can recall the phrases—that moribund parody of the empire of Rome mouldering interminably on the Bosphorus. But a death agony of 1,000 years is positively indecent! And if you begin to look backward you will, at the end, come to the foundation of Constantinople, the great fortress with its majestic harbour, the Golden Horn; here was the Empire's heart and through the centuries a succession of barbarian invaders had sought to storm the city walls in vain. Think of that succession: Goths, Huns, Persians, Arabs, Russians—one after another. It was behind the shelter of those walls that western Europe could develop its own civilisation. The Virgin guarded her city: her robe was the Palladium of Constantinople. It is well that we should remind ourselves of the cost of the defence of Europe's eastern gate. To endure a siege was for the East Roman in the tradition of his history.

But the siege of 1453 has its own distinctive character, because we possess the accounts of eye-witnesses, while Sir Edwin Pears, who lived so long in Constantinople, wrote some fifty years ago an admirable book on *The Destruction of the Greek Empire*. One interesting point is that the siege marks an era in the use of large cannon. The Turks constructed a monster cannon which needed sixty oxen to drag it up to the capital, while 200 men marched alongside the wagon to keep it in position. Huge stone balls were brought from the Black Sea—one stone was forty-six inches in diameter. Sir Edwin Pears measured one that was eighty-eight inches in circumference. The contemporary Greek historian, Critobulus, wrote: 'It was the cannon which did everything'.

There are thrilling accounts of three large Genoese ships sailing to the capital with a favourable southerly wind. They were later joined by a fourth ship laden with corn. The Turkish ships were told at all cost to prevent the four vessels from passing the boom stretched before the entry to the Golden Horn. The Turkish admiral ordered the four ships to lower their sails: they refused and continued their voyage. And then when they were near Seraglio Point the wind ceased: the ships could not move. There followed a fierce battle—145 Turkish ships against the four vessels. From every high building the garrison of the city watched the unequal struggle. In the end outnumbered, immobile, the crews of the four ships must have been defeated when the wind rose again: the sails were filled, the ships shook themselves free of their assailants and at last reached the Golden Horn.

But if the entry to the harbour by the sea way was closed Mahomet had, in profound secrecy, prepared an approach by land. He constructed a kind of tramway with rollers, and thus the Turkish fleet was carried over to the Golden Horn. The defence had now to protect the third side of the triangle formed by the city: thus a further strain was placed upon the overburdened garrison.

And towards an understanding of the defence of Constantinople there are two traditions which one must bear in mind—the tradition of the Byzantine imperial ideal and the tradition of the passionate allegiance of the East Roman to his Christian faith. For the ideal of a Christian emperor it is to Constantine the Great that we must again go back. Constantine's family had for generations worshipped the Sun God, and when he was about to march on Rome—a hazardous undertaking—across the afternoon sun appeared the Cross. The occasion of course

is famous. It was the pledge of support given by the God of the Christians. Constantine put the Christian God to the test and won; after that he felt assured that he was appointed by God to fulfil a divine mission—he was, in his own phrase, 'God's man' with a duty to secure unity within the church. It is here in Constantine's personal experience that the Christian imperial ideal had its birth, and that is the inheritance which was to haunt Byzantine sovereigns: historians have not always paid sufficient attention to the influence of that ideal. The Byzantine emperor had not mounted the throne for his own pleasure. He was chosen by God to act as a providence on his people's behalf. He could not escape from that burden. In fair days and foul, he must face the complexity of his task, the infinite variety of the imperial forethought which was demanded of him.

That is the background which determined his action. Thus, for instance, when in 1055 a usurper threatened the emperor he was urged to defend himself; he protested that to pollute the capital with the blood of his subjects in his own defence would be a deed of unprincipled egoism. Looking down at his purple shoes—the symbol of Byzantine royalty—'Not for these', he said, 'will Michael betray piety'. This, you see, is the heritage into which the last Byzantine emperor, Constantine XI, came. During the siege of Constantinople he was urged by the patriarch and the nobles to leave the city: the ships were ready to carry him. The Emperor was touched by the proposal and shed tears, but protested that he would never consent to abandon the people, the clergy, the churches, and his throne in such a moment of danger: 'What would the world say of me? Ask me to remain with you. I am ready to die with you'. Constantine declared that he preferred to follow the example of the Good Shepherd who lays down his life for his sheep. On the evening of May 28—the last evening—during a short visit to the palace he asked pardon of all those present. One of them wrote afterwards: 'If a man had been made of wood or stone he must have wept over the scene'. The Emperor inspires the defenders with his own spirit. It is good to think that the imperial ideal held to the end.

And for the understanding of the background of the siege you must recall also the second tradition—the strength of religion as a permanent force in the life of the east Romans. The Orthodox Church was the ally of the state and the people—not their rival. It was ready to countenance and embrace all forms of popular devotion. It stood close to the people; as Sir William Ramsay wrote: 'it lived among them'. It moved the common, average man with more penetrating power than a loftier religion would have done. Accordingly, the Orthodox Church was fitted to be the soul and the life of the Empire.



Mahomet II, conqueror of Constantinople, from a portrait attributed to Gentile Bellini

\* First of a group of three talks to mark the quincentenary of the fall of the Byzantine Empire



And thus, because it was the Church of the Byzantine people, because its liturgy was interwoven with their daily lives, because its tradition of charity and unquestioning almsgiving supplied their need in adversity, the Orthodox Church became the common possession and the pride of the East Romans. And was *their* Church to be subjected to the discipline of an alien Pope? It was unthinkable, and yet it was precisely this that western Europe demanded if it was to give help to Constantinople in the struggle against the Turk. The Emperor Manuel Palaeologues might seek aid in Venice, Pavia, Paris, London, but none would give him troops. At length, the Council of Florence, 1438-9, effected the union of the Churches of east and west, but this decision raised such a storm of opposition in the eastern Church that of the twenty-nine Greek ecclesiastics who had signed the agreement in support of the union, twenty-one withdrew their signature. Thus, when the Turkish attack on Constantinople came there were no reinforcements from the west to man the walls; the capture of the city, the Greeks felt, was God's punishment of apostasy at the Council of Florence.

### Byzantium's Gifts to Russia

One of the glories of Byzantine religion had been the missionary work of the Greek Church. It was to the Byzantine Church that Russia owed her conversion: it was from Byzantium that Russia learned to value her Orthodox faith. In the words of Sumner, the late Warden of All Souls, 'Byzantium brought to Russia five gifts, her religion, her law, her view of the world, her art, and writing'. For Russia as for the Greek Church the Council of Florence meant the desertion of the Orthodox faith, and to the Russians, too, the capture of Constantinople by the Turks was God's punishment of apostasy. The Council of Florence was thus closely linked with the fall of Tsarigrad, the city of Constantine, the equal of the Apostles. The Russian Metropolitan Isidor had supported at the council the recognition of the papal supremacy: on his return to Russia he found himself execrated by the Prince, the clergy, and the Russian people, and was thrown into prison. Already in 1458-9—only five years after the victory of the Turks—the Russian Metropolitan, in a letter to Lithuanian bishops, had written: 'Constantinople had weathered too many storms—the Persians, the Bulgarians—now it has fallen because it has deserted the true Orthodox faith. But in Russia the faith still lives, the faith of the Seven Councils as Constantinople had given it to the great prince Vladimir. There exists only one true Orthodox Church on earth, the Russian Church'. A Russian annalist of the year 1512 writes: 'Constantine's city is fallen, but our Russian land, through the help of the Mother of God and the saints, grows and is young and exalted. So may it be, O Christ, until the end of time'.

The full expression of this theory comes in the sixteenth century from the monk Philotheos: 'All Christian Empires are fallen and in their stead stands alone the Empire of our ruler. . . . Two Romes have fallen, but the third stands and a fourth there will not be'. Later again, at the Council of the Hundred Chapters held in 1551, it was declared that the orthodoxy of Moscow was a pattern for the whole of the eastern Church. In 1589 the Metropolitan of Moscow received the title of Patriarch and the words of Philotheos were affirmed anew. 'Because the Old Rome has collapsed on account of the heresy of Apollinaris and because the second Rome which is Constantinople is now in possession of the godless Turks, thy great kingdom, O pious Tsar, is the Third Rome. It surpasses in devotion every other and all Christian kingdoms are now merged in thy realm. Thou art the only Christian Sovereign in the world, the Master of all faithful Christians'.

The effect of the Turkish victory was thus to develop the consciousness of the independence and nationalism of the Russian Church. As the model Church, it becomes 'Holy Russia', representing the ideal 'of complete and unconditional loyalty to the traditional faith'. And if in Constantinople there was none now to proclaim the Christian duty of a ruler, that imperial ideal lived on in Russia; in 1504 a council in its Sixteen Chapters defined the duty of the Tsar: 'The office of the sun is to give light to the whole creation, the office of the Tsar is to care for all his subjects. Thou hast received the sceptre from God, be mindful to satisfy Him who gave it thee. . . . By nature the Tsar is like any other man, but in power and office he is like the Highest God'. Russia goes back behind an apostate church to the words of Chrysostom, the saint of an earlier, purer Church.

Nor is that all: when in the seventeenth century Russian reformers sought to purify liturgical books and religious practice by reference to Greek texts and Greek practice, the association of the apostate Church with God's punishment in the capture of Constantinople lived

on: Holy Russia needed not to be taught the truth by Greeks. Then followed the great Schism of the Old Believers. The sacred tradition of the past must be preserved. Christians must make the sign of the cross with three fingers, not with two, must sing a triple not a double Alleluia, and for their loyalty to tradition, Russian Christians were banished to Siberia, their tongues cut out; they were executed, mutilated, burned alive. You can recover something of the passionate faith of the Old Believers if you read the wonderful autobiography of the priest Avvakum; it has been translated into English. One is reminded that religion has room for emotion and is not confined to the sphere of culture or of logic. Learning to the Old Believer was the coming of anti-Christ.

Lastly, a word on the military effects of the capture of Constantinople: it opened to the Turks the free approach to two seas—the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. The advance on the coast of the Black Sea led to the overthrow of the Empire of Trebizond, while in the west Rhodes was captured, Greece—Athens and the Morea—fell to the Turks. When the western advance was continued Hungary was invaded and, at the fatal battle in the plain of Mohacs in 1526, the Christian army was destroyed: 200 heads were impaled, 4,000 prisoners massacred. No wonder that western Europe trembled when the Turks laid siege to Vienna in 1529. But after three weeks relief came. The Turks withdrew, and Vienna marked the supreme effort of the besiegers from the east.

Byzantine influence might outlive 1453, but for the Byzantine Empire 1453 marked the end. Without exaggeration, the struggle for possession of Constantinople may be counted among the decisive battles of history.—*Third Programme*

## Warning to a Guest

Against the flare and descant of the gas  
I heard an old woman in a shop maintain  
This fog comes when the moon is on the wane:

And ten full days must pass  
Before the crescent mows it in like grass.  
Shun the black puddles, the scrub hedge  
Down to the sea. Keep to the wet streets where  
Mercury and sodium flood their sullen fire.  
Tonight, do not disturb the water's edge.

There'll be no storm, I know: having often gone,  
In storm or calm, where the strong tide has flowed  
Right to the tunnel underneath the road

Along the formless dune.  
But this is the third quarter of the moon  
In fog. There'll be no drench and roar  
Of breakers: the quiet tide will drift  
Idly among the pebbles, and then sift  
Back to the sea. Yet shun that dark foreshore.

There'll be no sound: except the echoing  
Horn of a baffled ship, shut out from home,  
And the small birds that skirt the stranded foam.

Dunlin and sanderling  
Feed through the night, or lightly they take wing  
Down the soft fog. So sharp their pulse  
Trills, and their dram of blood burns up so clear,  
Each minute, in their bright sight, makes a year.  
But you may catch the note of something else.

I have watched you, as you have visited at this house,  
And know, from knowing myself, that you will be  
Quick to people the shore, the fog, the sea,

With all the fabulous  
Things of the moon's dark side. No, stay with us.  
Do not demand a walk tonight.  
Down to the sea. It makes no place for those  
Like you and me who, to sustain our pose,  
Need wine and conversation, colour and light.

JOHN HOLLOWAY



# SOME ENGLISH CORONATIONS



The Coronation of William the Conqueror in Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day, 1066: a representation from a late fifteenth-century MS. in the British Museum



The Coronation of Richard Coeur-de-Lion on September 3, 1189: an illuminated page from the Chronique de St. Denys (c. 1400) showing the Coronation procession nearing Westminster. The King walks under a canopy; preceding him are nobles carrying a chest containing the Royal Vestments

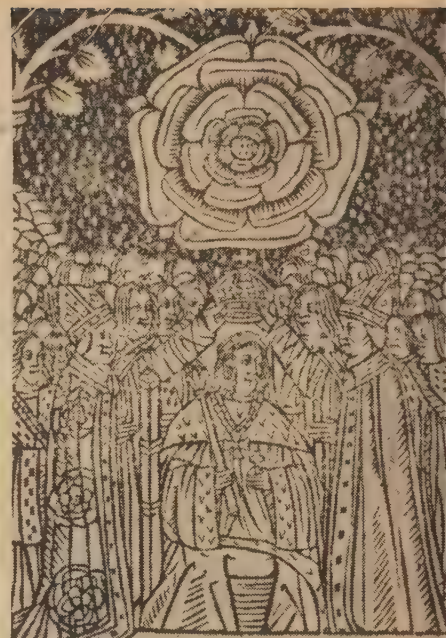


The crowning of the ten-year-old King Richard II in Westminster Abbey on July 16, 1377

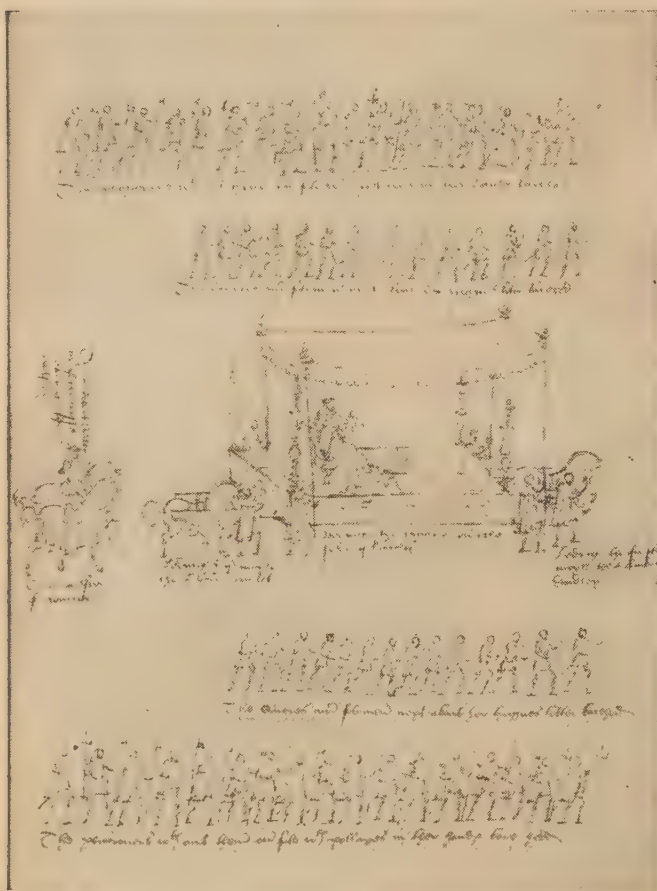




King Henry IV being crowned on October 13, 1399. The picture (from a fifteenth-century illuminated MS. of Froissart's Chronicles) shows the raised platform (or scaffold as it used to be called) which is built in the Abbey for Coronations and on which the main part of the ceremony takes place



A woodcut representing the Coronation of King Henry VIII in 1509, from 'A joyful medytacyon to all Englysh souerayne lordes Kynge Henry the eyght', published in the Bodleian Library, Cambridge. Over the figures of the king and queen is the pomegranate of the Tudors



A contemporary drawing of the Coronation procession of Queen Elizabeth I who was crowned on January 15, 1559: from a MS. recently acquired by the British Museum. The Queen is shown riding in a horse-drawn litter. Flanking the litter are equerries and footmen, and on the outside, gentlemen pensioners carrying poleaxes. Above right: a painting by an unknown artist, in the Great Hall of the Middle Temple, of Queen Elizabeth I with Orb and Sceptre



A section of Hollar's engraving of the procession on the eve of King Charles II's Coronation on April 23, 1661 (the last occasion on which this custom was carried out). The Regalia had been destroyed by the Puritans and had to be newly made at the Restoration



A contemporary Dutch engraving of the Coronation procession of King William III and Queen Mary II entering Westminster Abbey on April 11, 1689, after the King had attended in Westminster Hall the ceremony of the distribution of the Regalia which used to precede the Coronation Service. A companion chair to the chair of St. Edward was made for Queen Mary and the emblems of the Regalia duplicated because of her equal share in the sovereignty





and Catherine of Aragon on June 24, the Coronacyon of our moost naturell same year, and now in the University are depicted the rose of the Tudors and's family



King Edward VI passing along Cheapside from the Tower to Westminster on February 19, 1547, the eve of his Coronation. The custom of the sovereign riding in procession through the City of London the day before his crowning was an important feature of medieval Coronations



The Enthronization of King James II and his Queen at their Coronation in Westminster Abbey on April 23, 1685



George IV's Coronation, July 19, 1821: the ceremony of the Regalia in Westminster the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster deliver the Regalia to the King before distributed to the noblemen and bishops who are to carry them in the Abbey. The on of King George IV was unequalled for extravagance and pomp; it was notably a religious significance although the ceremony in the Abbey lasted six hours

The arrival of the royal coach at Westminster Abbey on King William IV's Coronation day, September 8, 1831. In contrast to his predecessor, King William was crowned with a minimum of ceremony and with the utmost economy





The painting by Sir George Hayter, R.A., of the nineteen-year-old Queen Victoria being acclaimed in the Abbey after her crowning on June 28, 1838. All the traditional pageantry and ceremonial, which had been so severely curtailed for William IV's Coronation, were restored in their full splendour for that of his young successor



Left: King Edward VII, after receiving the homage of the Prince of Wales at his Coronation on August 9, 1902, spontaneously clasps his son's hand: a drawing made in the Abbey by an artist who recorded the ceremony for the *Illustrated London News*



The Coronation of His late Majesty King George VI on May 12, 1937: the Royal Family on the balcony of Buckingham Palace on their return from the Abbey. Standing in front of her mother is the eleven-year-old future Queen Elizabeth II



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## CHAPTER XII

## THE NEW RENAISSANCE 1953-2003

*The reign of Elizabeth II—Britain's recovery—attainment of world peace.  
and security—material progress—the "will to achieve"—industrial relations  
—education—the liberal arts—the paramountcy of ideas.*

JUST fifty years ago—in June, 1953—Elizabeth II was crowned Queen at Westminster. From this, the year of her coronation, date the first steps towards Britain's recovery. At long last the nation's pride, the nation's will to leadership, re-asserted themselves. The second Elizabethan age was to witness, like the first, a far-reaching renaissance of the spirit.

This revival of Britain's self-confidence found expression, first of all, in the field of international relations. The world had too long shivered helplessly in the paralysing grip of the "cold war". Little by little, this conflict of ideologies was resolved. A world order was established which guaranteed security to all. In this consummation, which ensured the survival of Western civilisation, British statesmanship played a predominant part.

Parallel with this achievement came sensational advances in the technological sphere. The study of molecular fission had so far been almost wholly applied to the invention of weapons of war. Now, the threat of world conflict had become no more than an unhappy memory, and the way had been cleared

for the application of atomic energy to the fulfilment of man's needs. A wide range of new productive techniques solved, within three or four decades, the problem of his material well-being; the emphasis shifted to the encouragement of the liberal arts and the widening of spiritual horizons. "Science" observes Lord Heriot "has laid the foundations of a new technology, to which, in its turn, we owe the enrichment of our lives."

In all these developments British physicists—pioneers in this field from the days of Thomson and Rutherford onwards—continued to lead the way.

Such progress would not have been possible without that resurgence of the spirit to which reference has already been made. "The will to achieve" said Tybalt in his Romanes Lecture (1983) "is more than the groping of a blind instinct. Its lustre reflects the difference between the earthworm and the man. The glory of our second Elizabethan age lies, primarily, in our recognition of a dual responsibility: our responsibility to ourselves; our responsibility to mankind. Therein, in my humble view, lies the secret of Britain's greatness."

*"Scientific Living", Oxford University Press, 1989.*

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*Schweppes present their humble duty to  
Her Majesty on the occasion of her Coronation*



## Art

# Round the London Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

**M**OMENTOUS events have a way of snowballing. So vigorously, variously, and irrelevantly are they celebrated, that the supply of festivities far outruns the demand. Thus the Coronation, like the Festival of Britain before it, has provided a stimulus or a pretext for more concurrent exhibitions of interest than even the most indefatigable amateur, or professional, can hope to enjoy. To add to this embarrassment of riches, the month of May has seen the installation, on buildings in the West End of London, of works by our two most celebrated sculptors which in both cases have turned out to be their most successfully realised public commission.

Jacob Epstein's 'Madonna and Child'\*, on the façade of the Convent of the Holy Child in Cavendish Square is a work of dignity and pathos. The design seems to have been determined by a literary idea: the Virgin stands protectively behind the Child, Who, also standing, stretches out His arms in an intimation of the Cross. This symbolism, while probably original—though it may have been inspired by the traditional iconography of the Trinity theme, in which the figure of God the Father looms up behind that of Christ crucified—is direct and intelligible without being at all mawkish. Furthermore, unlike the symbolism of certain of the artist's other sculptures with religious or mythological subjects, it has helped rather than hindered the invention of a coherent and satisfying design. What does not help the design of the work, or its drama, is that, although it is stuck up in the middle of a flat wall, its forms have a strong downward movement: consequently it appears to be hanging from a peg.

Henry Moore has contributed two works, of utterly different type and purpose, to the new Time and Life building at the corner of Bond Street and Bruton Street. One is a sort of screen forming an extension of the Bond Street façade, the other an over-life-size bronze statue in a naturalistic style of a draped reclining woman which inhabits a terrace concealed from the street by the screen and to which public access can be had via the reception room on the first floor of the building. The bronze figure is probably the finest thing that Moore has done since the outbreak of the war. The disposition of the forms relates back to certain draped figures in the 'shelter drawings', but the treatment of the drapery is much more free and sensuous and atmospheric than it is in these drawings and in Moore's previous draped statues. The example of the Elgin Marbles is probably responsible for this, as also perhaps for his now having seen how to articulate drapery so that it seems to bring to the surface the vibrations of those thrusts and stresses of the figure underneath which make the sculpture as firm and virile in construction as it is gentle and contemplative in mood. Only in the head, the forms of which might well have been far more plastic and incisive, does the tension slacken.

The screen, which is in Portland stone, consists of a row of four abstract monoliths each set in a frame of stone blocks—a brilliantly inventive solution to a testing problem. The monoliths recapitulate

Moore's style of the mid-1930s (the period of his 'Square Forms'), and in fact three of them are based on maquettes designed nearly twenty years ago but not hitherto enlarged. The pressure which the frames appear to be exerting on the chunky and expansive organic forms contained within them gives this decorative composition a hint of drama.

Nearby, a large retrospective show of drawings by Moore can be seen at the Institute of Contemporary Arts. This exhibition is not

intended as a general survey of Moore drawings. It is entitled 'Figures in Space', and 'discloses the progressive unfolding of Henry Moore's interest in pictorial space'. Sad to say, it defeats its own ends, for the impression it gives is that the problem of situating forms in pictorial space is not one that has engaged the deeper levels of Moore's imagination. This may be because about half of the hundred-odd drawings shown do not deserve to be included in a retrospective selection—and certainly need not have been included here where the hanging is uncomfortably overcrowded. Still, many of Moore's best drawings are here, including some important examples (notably numbers 17, 31, 37,



'Draped reclining figure' in bronze, by Henry Moore, at the Time and Life building, London

38, 59, 91) which were missing from the exhibition at the Tate in 1951.

There are two Old Master exhibitions which should not be missed. The drawings at Wildenstein's include a noble Raphael study for the Phrygian Sibyl of the Chigi Chapel, a study for a portrait group by Giambattista Tiepolo that is as pure and firm and dignified as it is free and graceful, two of David's studies for the abortive '*Serment du Jeu de Paume*' (pleasingly translated in the catalogue as '*The Oath of the Tennis Court*'), and a rich, substantial Cézanne watercolour of the mid-1880s, as well as excellent examples of Van Goyen, Fragonard, Delacroix, Daumier, Chasseriau, Sisley, and Rouault.

Even this various and delightful exhibition pales somewhat beside the Venetian show at Agnew's. A high proportion of these thirty-nine paintings drawn from private collections (with one exception) would grace any national museum, yet only three of them have been publicly exhibited within living memory—Gentile Bellini's portrait of a Doge, Palma Vecchio's Giorgionesque 'Music Party', here given to Giorgione, and the halberdier fragment from Tiepolo's mutilated 'Finding of Moses'. There are first-rate examples of Jacopo Bellini, Cima, Montagna, Bellotto, and Guardi; two excellent latish Titians, one of them only recently unearthed; an impressive Tintoretto 'Pietà'; and, by Veronese, an early, rather Lotto-esque, portrait as well as the large 'Visitation' which has just been acquired by the Barber Institute. But the gem, rough diamond though it be, of the collection is an unfinished and damaged 'Madonna and Child', with certain markedly Giorgionesque features, probably painted around 1514, and here ascribed to Bellini. The luminous serenity of Bellini and the idyllic sensuousness of Giorgione, an atmospheric unity anticipating the later Titian and the plastic monumentality of the Florence High Renaissance are all, amazingly, fused in this majestic and sacred image.

\* Reproduced in THE LISTENER last week



# The Boredom of Fantasy

By ARTHUR KOESTLER

ONCE upon a time, more precisely on June 17, A.D. 4784, Captain Clark stepped into a public telescreen box to call up his fiancée, secret agent Lucy Rall. He was told that Lucy was not available as she had got married a week before. 'To whom?' cried the exasperated captain. 'To me', said the man to whom he was talking. Taking a closer look at the telescreen, the captain discovered with a mild surprise that the man he was talking to was himself.

This startling mystery was solved by Mr. Robert Headrock, the first immortal man on earth. Headrock, using his electronic super-brain computer, discovered that Captain Clark had taken a trip in a time-machine; that he had made a loop into the past; and in the past married Lucy Rall without his unlooped present self knowing about it. Through this little frolic, he also became the richest man on earth as he knew the movements of the Stock Exchange in advance. When the point in time was reached where Clark had looped off in the time-machine, the past Clark and the present Clark became again one and lived happily thereafter. Meanwhile, Robert Headrock, the immortal man, sent a journalist called MacAllister several million trillion years back into the past and made him cause a cosmic explosion, which gave rise to our planetary system as we know it.

The book from which I was quoting is called *The Weapon Shops of Isher* by A. E. van Vogt. Mr. van Vogt is probably the most popular of contemporary American science-fiction writers. The book was recently published in England in a science-fiction series which signals, together with the founding of the British Science-Fiction Club, that the new craze, a kind of cosmic jitterbug, has crossed the Atlantic.

I had better confess at this point that while I lived in the United States I was a science-fiction addict myself and am still liable to occasional relapses. Reading about space travel, time travel, Martian maidens, robot civilisations, and extra-galactic supermen is habit-forming, like opium, murder thrillers, and yoghurt diets. Few people in this country realise the extent and virulence of this addiction in the



Cameramen and sound technicians working on the American film 'Destination Moon'. The set represents the surface of the moon; the actors, scientists from the earth. The 'earth' as it might appear from the moon is seen in the sky

United States. According to a recent survey, the average sale of a detective story or a 'western' thriller in America is 4,000 copies; the average sale of a science-fiction novel is 6,000 copies, or fifty per cent. higher. Every month, six new novels of this type are published in the U.S.A., and three large publishing firms specialise exclusively in science fiction. There is a flood of science-fiction magazines, science-fiction clubs, science-fiction films, television programmes, and so on.

As for the children, they no longer plug you with six-shooters; they atomise you with nuclear blasters. They wear plastic bubbles around their heads which look like divers' helmets and enable them to breathe while floating in gravity-free interstellar space. On the television screen Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, is in the process of replacing Hopalong Cassidy as the kiddies' national hero. Even the housewife, listening to the radio while on her domestic chores, is becoming cosmic-minded. The soap opera has branched out into the space opera.

So much for the grotesque side of science fiction. But a craze of such vast dimensions is never entirely crazy. It always expresses, in a distorted way, some unconscious need of the time. Science fiction is a typical product of the atomic age. The discoveries of that age weigh like an undigested lump on the stomach of mankind. Electronic brains which predict election results, lie detectors which make you confess the truth, new drugs which make you testify to lies, radiations which produce biological monsters—all these developments of the past fifty years have created new vistas and new nightmares which art and literature have not yet assimilated. In a crude and fumbling fashion, science fiction is trying to fill this gap. But there is, perhaps, another and more hidden reason for this sudden hunger for other ages and other worlds. Perhaps, when they read about the latest hydrogen bomb tests, people are more aware than they



Scene from the American television programme, 'Space Cadet': 'Tom Corbett' in the rocket ship *Polaris*



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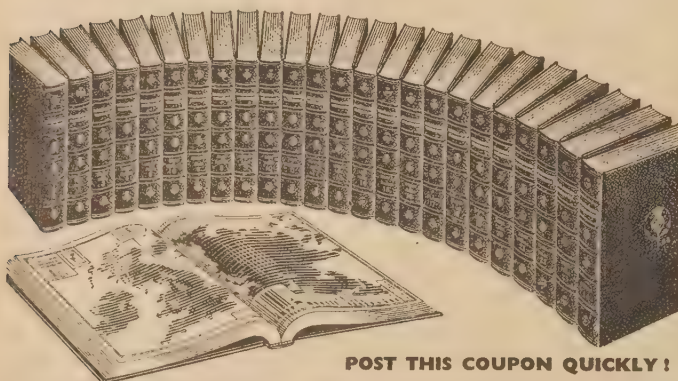
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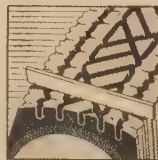
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admit even to themselves of the possibility that human civilisation may be approaching its end. And together with this may go a dim, inarticulate suspicion that the cause lies deeper than communism or fascism, that it may lie in the nature itself of *homo sapiens*; in other words, that the human race may be a biological misfit doomed to extinction like the giant reptiles of an earlier age. I believe that some apocalyptic intuition of this kind may be one of the reasons for the sudden interest in life on other stars.

As a branch of literature, science fiction is, of course, not new. As early as the second century Lucian, a Greek writer, wrote a story of a journey to the moon. Swift wrote science fiction; so did Samuel Butler, Jules Verne, Aldous Huxley, George Orwell. But while in the past such exercises were isolated literary extravaganzas, they are now mass-produced for a mass audience. Moreover, modern science fiction takes itself very seriously. There are certain rules of the game which every practitioner must observe, otherwise he will be torn to shreds by the critics. The basic rule is that the author may operate only with such future inventions, gadgets, and machines which are extrapolations (that is, logical extensions) of present discoveries, and do not go against the laws of nature. A number of physicists, doctors, and biologists are employed by the film and television industries to make sure that even in the childrens' science-fiction show every detail is scientifically correct. Some of the best-known science-fiction authors in America are actually scientists who write under pen-names. The most recent and distinguished recruit to their ranks is Lord Russell. All this is a guarantee for scientific accuracy but unfortunately not for artistic quality.

Is it possible that science fiction, now in its infancy, will grow up and one day become the literature of the future? Some well-known critics overseas believe that in all earnestness. I do not. I believe that science fiction is good entertainment, and that it will never become good art. It is reasonably certain that within the next 100 years we shall have space-travel, but at that stage the description of a trip to the moon will be simple reportage. It will be fact not fantasy, and the science fiction of that time will have to go even further to startle the reader. At first sight one would, of course, expect that imaginative descriptions of non-human societies on alien planets would open new vistas for the somewhat stagnant novel. But most disappointingly this is not the case, and for a simple reason. Our imagination is limited; we cannot project ourselves into the distant future any more than into the distant past. This is the reason why the historical novel is practically dead today. The life of an Egyptian civil-servant under the Eighteenth Dynasty, or even of a soldier in Cromwell's army, is only imaginable to us in a dim outline; we are unable to identify ourselves with the

strange figure moving through such a strange world. Few Englishmen can really understand the feelings and habits of Frenchmen, much less of Russians, much less of Martians. And without this act of identification, of intimate understanding, there is no art—only a thrill of curiosity which soon yields to boredom. The Martian heroes of science fiction may have four eyes, a green skin, and an accent stranger than mine—we just could not care less. We are tickled by them for a few pages; but because they are too strange to be true, we soon get bored.

For every culture is an island. It communicates with other islands but it is only familiar with itself. And art means seeing the familiar in a new light, seeing tragedy in the trivial event; it means in the last resort to broaden and deepen our understanding of ourselves. Swift's *Gulliver*, Huxley's *Brave New World*, Orwell's *Nineteen-Eighty-Four* are great works of literature because in them the oddities of alien worlds serve merely as a background or pretext for a social message. In other words, they are literature precisely to the extent to which they are not science fiction, to which they are works of disciplined imagination and not of unlimited fantasy. A similar rule holds for the detective story. Georges Simenon is probably the greatest master in that field and his novels become works of art precisely at the point where character and atmosphere become more important than the plot, where imagination triumphs over invention.

The paradoxical lesson of science fiction is to teach us modesty. When we reach out for the stars, our limitations become grotesquely apparent. The heroes of science fiction have unlimited power and possibilities, but their feelings and reactions in even the most fantastic situation are limited within the narrow human range. Let Romeo and Juliet inhabit two hostile planets several light years apart: the tragedy will take much the same course. Let Othello subject Desdemona to a lie-detector test; his jealousy will still blind him to the evidence. Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, behaves on the third planet of Orion exactly in the same manner as he does in the drugstore in Minnesota, and one is tempted to ask him: 'Was your journey really necessary?' The Milky Way has become an extension of Main Street.

Some twenty years ago the German writer, Alfred Doeblin, wrote a novel in which humanity discovers the secret of biological self-transformation: by a click of their fingers people can change themselves into giants, tigers, demons, or fish—much like Flook in the well-known cartoon. At the end of the book the last specimens of this happy race sit, each on a solitary rock, transformed into the shape of black ravens, in eternal silence. They have tried, experienced, seen, and said everything under the sun, and all that is left for them to do is to die of boredom: the boredom of fantasy.—*Home Service*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Is the News Sacred?

Sir,—You ask in a leading article, 'Is the news sacred?' C. P. Scott, who uttered the classic words so often quoted on the duty of a newspaper, did not say that news of any kind was sacred. He said of the newspaper: 'Its primary office is the gathering of news. At the peril of its soul it must see that the supply is not tainted. Neither in what it gives nor in what it does not give, nor in the mode of presentation, must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong. Comment is free, but facts are sacred'. Some news is much less than sacred, is indeed profane. Scott asked not that news but that truth should be treated with unvarying respect.

You raise an important issue when you say it is much easier for newspapers that do not aim at mass circulations to give a full and fair appraisal of foreign affairs than for the popular press to do so. The large, dearer papers have the space to report foreign affairs from the main countries fully day after day. They have the readers to appreciate such steady, informative treatment. But that does not mean that our popular low-priced newspapers lack balance and perspective when some foreign question comes into the forefront of the world news. No money

is then grudged in flying first-rate correspondents to the scene and obtaining the services of the best-qualified writers to explain the current problem. An example is the treatment given to the Mau Mau campaign. Readiness to provide such enlightenment for the busy reader is a great service by the popular press. It must be brought into the reckoning if justice is to be done by the critics.—Yours, etc.,

Leeds

W. L. ANDREWS  
President, Guild of British  
Newspaper Editors

### The Mermaid's Curse on Doom Bar

Sir,—I read with great interest Mr. Claude Berry's talk about the 'Mermaid's Curse on the Doom Bar', in THE LISTENER of May 21, and I should like to give you a different version of the same legend, as I heard it many years ago from old Mr. Orchard of Padstow, who died during the war.

Uncle Dick, as we called him, used to take us mackerel-fishing, and I can see him now, as he sat at the tiller, a massive, impassive figure in blue jersey and oilskins, his eyes twinkling as he pointed to the tiny church of St. Enodoc, lying like a toy model on the moor above the

eastern shore of the estuary. He belonged to that generation of Cornishmen whose accent had not been modified by constant association with 'foreigners', and sometimes he was hard to understand; but his rich dialect made his stories singularly impressive, and I can still hear his voice, telling us how the Doom Bar—he pronounced it 'Dum', to rhyme with 'room'—came by its name.

In those days, he said, it was not called the Doom Bar because it was never covered by the sea and there was a safe channel through it which ships could easily navigate. One day, however, a fisherman saw a mermaid sunning herself on the seaward side of the sandbank; and what must he do, but shoot and kill her, just for sport. As she lay dying, she called a curse on him and all fishermen, crying that from thenceforward every ship that foundered on the bar should be a total wreck.

The fisherman did not think much of it then, for though vessels occasionally struck on the bar, their crews were in little danger, and usually saved their ship. But that evening a terrible gale arose, such as was never known before. All night long it raged, and when morning came the people of Padstow saw that the sandbank had totally disappeared. The church of St. Enodoc



was also gone from sight, all but the top of its steeple; for the wind had blown all the sand from the bar across to the eastern shore and buried the church completely.

And so it remained—for no one dared to interfere—for hundreds of years until, in the last century, it was excavated and restored to use. But the sandbank now lay under the sea, except at low tide—a hidden peril to sailors. For the water above it is always rough, and the channel, now invisible, constantly shifts its position. True enough, from that day to this, every ship that foundered on it has been a total wreck. And that is how it came to be called the Doom Bar.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.3

BARBARA PHILLIPSON

### The Mystery of Ife

Sir,—Mr. R. L. Hayne's scepticism about the antiquity of the bronze and terracotta heads of Ife and his suggestion that they are 'Victorian' would be very hard to sustain if he were familiar with the evidence on which our admittedly still tentative dating is based.

There is a very well established tradition at Benin—where history has been preserved through the centuries by a system of court historians or remembrancers—that the craft of metal-casting was introduced to Benin from Ife in the reign of the Oba Oguola about A.D. 1280, and this is corroborated not only by Ife traditions (less definite, no doubt because the craft has been virtually dead there for a century or more), but by many small pieces of material evidence which, though not decisive in themselves, combine to form a strong case. For example, we know that copper was being exported from mines in the south Sahara to the Nigerian area for an unknown purpose at about that time; and a little bronze figure of an Oni of Ife in full regalia, in typical Ife style, has been dug up in the palace at Benin and may well be one of the original pieces brought to Benin or made there by Ife craftsmen. From such knowledge as I have of Ife and its works I feel reasonably convinced of the general truth of the tradition; and I find it quite impossible to conceive that they could be less than 300 or 400 years old.

In contrasting Ife realism—neither favourably

nor unfavourably—with other African art, I was not thinking of Benin so much as of African woodcarving (which, however, includes styles showing a high degree of naturalism as well as the more 'abstract' ones). Benin art—a court art if ever there was one—is, in my judgment at least, almost entirely lacking in 'powerful spiritual conviction'; and its distortions (occurring chiefly in the later periods, as the original Ife influence waned) are demonstrably decadent rather than 'primitive'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

WILLIAM FAGG

### The Post-war Novel in Russia

Sir,—Mr. John G. Watson has missed the point. I was discussing the ethics of literary criticism, not slave labour. Since he sees no essential difference between unremitting work, with much hardship and few amenities, for the purpose of repelling a Nazi invasion of one's country, and the forced labour of prisoners in Krupps' armament factories for the purpose of increasing Nazi domination over the victims' countries and the world—he is hardly equipped to discuss the latter question which, anyway, was not the question at issue.

May I confess—since familiar references to myself, my thought processes and my 'cultural mentors' imply the contrary—that I have not the honour of Mr. John G. Watson's acquaintance? I do not even know where he acquired the Cohn and Schinisch technique; I hope not at Oxford.—Yours, etc.,

Leicester

JOAN SIMON

### 'Sophocles' Elektra

Sir,—Your reviewer of Mr. Watling's translations of Sophocles begins by describing Sophocles in the following terms: 'His whole character, personal and literary, is summed up by his own immortal *μηδὲν ἄγαν*—nothing too much'.

This statement is not likely to instil confidence in your reviewer's competence. The famous Greek proverb *μηδὲν ἄγαν* was certainly not coined by Sophocles. It occurs in Pindar (with a verb) in Theognis, and was inscribed on the fabric of the temple of Apollo at Delphi

with the equally well-known maxim 'Know thyself'. Aristotle assigns it to Chilon, one of the Seven Sages of Greece. Your reviewer chides Mr. Watling for his pedestrian accuracy, but he could clearly do with a little himself.

Yours, etc.,

J. GWYN GRIFFITHS

Swansea

### 'The Marquis de Sade'

Sir,—Mr. Gorer's letter has disillusioned me. I noticed his statement on page 211 of his book, *The Life and Ideas of the Marquis de Sade*, that 'Sade writes really badly most of the time'. But I took it to be an ironical one. Now it seems Mr. Gorer intended it to be taken literally. This means, I am afraid, that his book is even less good than I thought it was. For it means it is illogical.

Sade wrote, as Mr. Gorer reminds us, four 'major' works: *Aline et Valcour*, *Les 120 Journées*, *Justine*, and *Juliette*. On page 70 Mr. Gorer says of *Aline et Valcour*: 'The book is extremely well written'. On page 75 Mr. Gorer says of the first part of *Les 120 Journées*: 'This portrait gallery is an astounding performance, as a piece of writing hardly ever equalled'. On page 80 he says of *Justine*: 'The tale is well told'. On page 86 he says of *Juliette* (which, however 'nowhere approaches the level of the earlier work'): 'There are a large number of well-written descriptions of Italy'.

Page 211 to which Mr. Gorer's letter draws your readers' attention, is the first page of the epilogue written twenty years after the main text of the book. There Mr. Gorer confesses: 'As a writer I think I very considerably underrated his (i.e., Sade's) qualities twenty years ago'. Notice the word 'under-rated'.

These quotations are manifestly inconsistent with the proposition that Sade writes really badly most of the time, hence my conjecture that Mr. Gorer did not wish to be taken literally when he said that Sade writes badly most of the time. It is Mr. Gorer's misfortune that I was wrong. For an author who contradicts himself on a matter as crucial as this forfeits the confidence of readers.—Yours, etc.,

YOUR REVIEWER

## Population—To What End?

(continued from page 882)

the short run in which children must eat or die, is to organise international aid—unconditionally and without limit. Political probabilities apart, should we agree with him? I see no right answer in absolute terms. The idea that the hungry should be fed only on condition that they violate their most solemnly held beliefs is undoubtedly abhorrent. But so is the logical corollary to unconditional aid—that the world's whole economic margin, the margin which gives us not only our possibly overrated material comforts but civilisation itself, shall be permanently mortgaged to sheer multiplication at the Belsen survival-level.

In these terms there is no solution. But I do not believe that the problem need be posed in these terms. I doubt very much whether there are in the world enough really convinced devotees of maximum multiplication to constitute, for a very long time ahead, a serious problem; and once one can look a very long way ahead the crucial question, that of the tempo of change, softens to vanishing point. The trouble is not the convinced devotees, the deliberate, voluntary swarms. It is the great multitude in every land who are conscripts to biology; who have many children not because they joyfully and deliberately prefer many children to higher material standards, not because they solemnly and deliber-

ately accept a supernatural imperative, but because they have no choice; because the same blind Nature that sends the lemmings on their journeys to the sea is too much for them.

If these conscripts were liberated; if they were given access to the means of limiting their families; if it were left entirely to them to follow, in Mr. Clark's words, their own wishes and conscience; a vast mass of individual and collective misery would be saved. Those who plead for this liberation are not preaching sterility. They merely emphasise one inescapable fact; that the fertility now appropriate to the human race, after its conquest of so many natural enemies from the sabretoothed tiger to the typhoid germ, is different from the fertility appropriate to the herring, to the rabbit, to primitive mankind, or to mankind during those stagnant periods of history of which Mr. Clark reminds us. To point out this quantitative difference is not to decry the miracle of birth; birth is more, not less, sacred when seen as the gateway to a full and complete human life. It is not to deny the bracing and rewarding challenge offered by a growing family to parents, by a growing population to the community; it is to distinguish between a challenge and a catastrophe. It is emphatically not to place economics at the centre of the universe instead

of God; it is only to reject the identification of the divine Logos with the primitive *lingam*.

No one can give a universally satisfying answer to the question 'Population—to what end?' The humanist answer cannot be the same as the other-worldly answer. But at least we need not make the worst of both worlds by yielding to the temptation to fudge and dodge the issue. That issue is not whether population increase as such is good or bad; it is whether a rate of increase in numbers untrammelled by the old, ugly, painful checks of disease and premature death, a rate limited only by mankind's unreliable powers of self-discipline, is compatible with the rate of increase which can be expected in mankind's daily bread: compatible, that is, at tolerable human standards both material and social.

As you may have noticed, I have so far avoided mentioning the name of Malthus: I have quoted him once; it was he who described an increasing population as 'the most certain possible sign of the happiness and prosperity of a state'. I am going to quote him again, confessing myself in this sense a Malthusian: 'I have not acquired', says Malthus in his famous *Essay*, 'that power over my understanding which would enable me to believe what I wish without evidence'.—*Third Programme*



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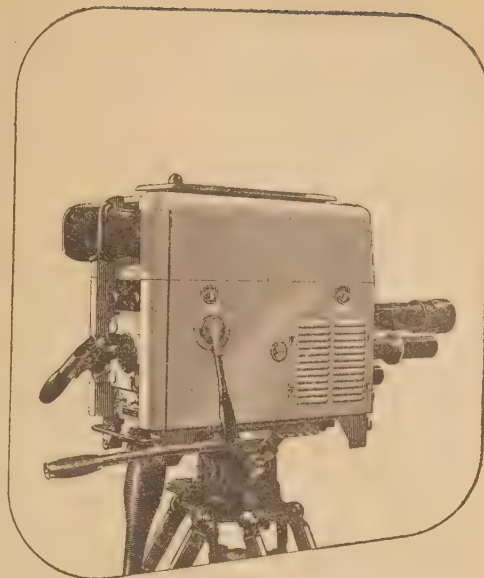
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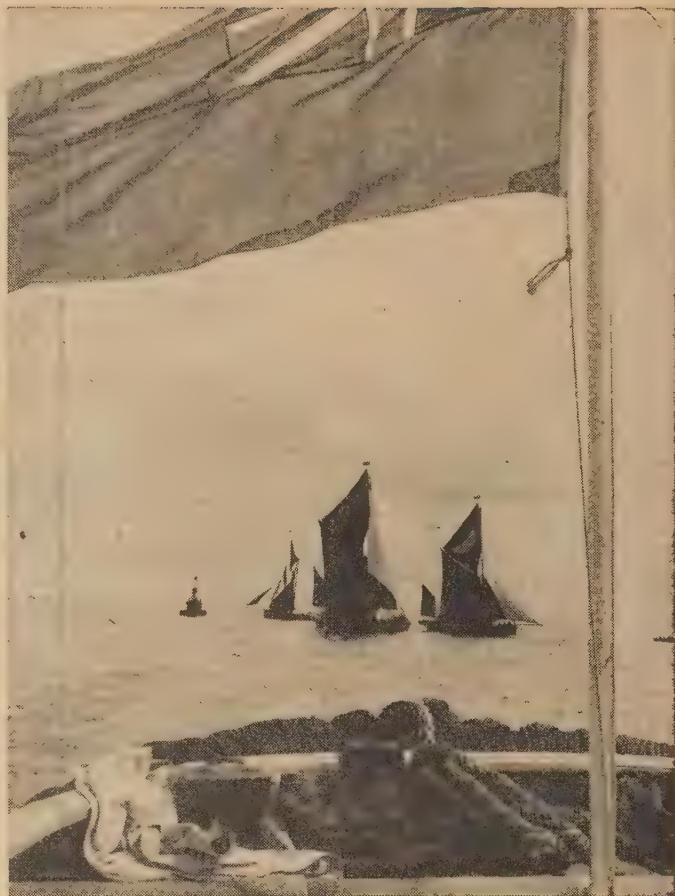
# NEWS PICTURES



*Crowds thronging Whitehall to see the Coronation decorations on London's hottest Whitsun holiday for nine years*



*Princess Margaret watching cadets of the St. John Ambulance Brigade giving a first-aid demonstration at Weston-super-Mare, Somerset, on Saturday. Her Royal Highness was attending a county rally of Somerset youth organisations*



*Some of the thirteen competitors in the last Thames Sailing Barge race on May 21. The course was from below Gravesend to Southend and back, a distance of twenty-six miles*



*A fine display of begonias which won a gold medal at the Royal Horticultural Society's Chelsea Flower Show last week*





*Powis Castle, Montgomeryshire (owned by the National Trust), which is to be opened to the public for the first time on June 16*



*From the Treasures of Oxford Exhibition at Goldsmiths' Hall, London: a pair of gloves presented to Queen Elizabeth I when she visited Oxford in 1566*

*Right: some of the exhibits in the new Wedgwood Museum which has been opened by Sir Ralph Wedgwood (a great-great-grandson of Josiah Wedgwood) at his home, Leith Hill Place, near Dorking, Surrey*



*An easter egg made by Carl Fabergé, jeweller to the Russian Imperial Court: one of his masterpieces on exhibition at Messrs. Wartski's, Regent Street, London, until June 13*

## News Diary: May 20-26

### Wednesday, May 20

Leaders of ship-building and engineering unions decide to support claim for wage increase of fifteen per cent.

Viet-Minh offensive renewed in Laos

H.M. the Queen attends Coronation rehearsal in Westminster Abbey

### Thursday, May 21

It is announced that there is to be an early meeting between Sir Winston Churchill, President Eisenhower, and the French Prime Minister

The French Government, led by M. Mayer, is defeated on a vote of confidence and resigns

Prime Minister makes statement in Commons on the difficulties in the way of an armistice agreement in Korea

Mr. Dulles says that he does not think anything important can come from high-level meeting with Russia as long as present wars of aggression continue

### Friday, May 22

French President begins talks with party leaders to find new Prime Minister

Kenya Government increases numbers of offences for which penalty is death

House of Commons rises for Whitsun recess

### Saturday, May 23

Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan to discuss relations between their two countries in London

British expedition to Mount Everest plan double assault on peak

Large numbers of holiday-makers arrive in London to see Coronation preparations

### Sunday, May 24

*Pravda* publishes article on speeches by Sir Winston Churchill and President Eisenhower

Temperatures in England and Wales highest in 1953

General Mark Clark arrives in Seoul from Tokyo before resumption of truce talks

### Monday, May 25

Truce talks resumed in secret at Panmunjom and adjourned for a week

First atomic shell fired in testing grounds in Nevada

London has hottest Whit Monday for nine years. Storms wash away bridges in Scotland

### Tuesday, May 26

Russia declines invitation to meeting of Foreign Ministers' deputies to discuss Austrian treaty

M. Paul Reynaud accepts invitation from French President to form a government



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# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Britain and the United States: Problems in Co-operation. A Joint Report by Study Groups of the Council on Foreign Relations, New York, and the Royal Institute of International Affairs. R.I.I.A. 8s. 6d.

THIS IS AN exceedingly timely publication. It was largely written in October 1952 before the election of President Eisenhower, and before the death of Stalin; yet the authors accurately foresaw that, at a time such as the present when Soviet policy is believed by many to be relaxing its aggressive rigidity, Anglo-American co-operation might be destroyed by the differences of assumption, of method and of judgment that inevitably exist between two such countries as Britain and the United States, and which are so admirably analysed in this report. The danger was well illustrated by the recent flare-up between Mr. Attlee and Senator McCarthy over no real matter of substance: how much greater is the danger likely to be when such questions as the seating of Communist China in the United Nations or the disposition of Formosa come to be discussed if and when an armistice in Korea is reached.

The report has been published in the belief that public awareness of the views of the other country, and the reasons for them, will increase understanding and diminish the danger of a split, which is assumed to be undesirable. For those who accept this belief and this assumption, the report will be both a help and a disappointment. The similarities and the differences in the American and British approach to all important contemporary problems are skilfully described and analysed, and in addition a most admirable assessment of some of the general influences on the attitudes and policies of the two countries is included. The only serious omission—and a disquieting one?—is that although in the section on public opinion and foreign policy the importance of Bevanism and its effect on United States opinion is carefully measured, the activities of Senator McCarthy, and their considerable effect on the British people's attitude towards America, are nowhere mentioned apart from an incidental reference to his attacks on the State Department. The very excellence of the material in the report, however, contributes to the sense of disappointment. Effectively to serve its purpose of informing public opinion, an analysis of this kind must be written in an attractive and easy style that will command attention. The style here is not obscure, but it is so measured, so objective, so discreet and so non-committal that the mind of the general reader will surely fill with more exciting thoughts of his allotment or the Australians at Lord's. The chapter on the United Nations concludes with these striking words, '... to predict a successful future for the United Nations as an agency for maintaining peace and security would be rash; to proclaim on the basis of its performance thus far that it has failed would be unwarranted'. For the expert the absence of an index is an added irritation.

The reason for this ultimate failure despite the general excellence of the matter is to be found no doubt partly in the study group technique and the need to incorporate varying views, but partly also in the deliberate exclusion of any fundamental consideration of international relationships. Differences of attitude and approach to the United Nations, to the Atlantic Community, to Western Europe or to the Far East result not merely from different geographical, historical,

political, social, economic and strategic influences, but also from uncertainty in both countries about the form of international relationships most suited to the twentieth-century world. Scientifically, technologically, economically, strategically, the world is now a unit: the United Nations is an expression, however inadequate, of that fact. Politically, culturally, socially, spiritually, the world is still divided: the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, the Soviet Communist system, the Communist-nationalist alliance in Asia, in some degree all express this division. Policy may be framed on the assumption that the forces of division are so powerful that where unity can exist it must be strengthened and extended so that a war-maker may be deterred, or will be defeated if he attacks; or it may take into account the view that to harden a regional unity will confirm the forces of division, weaken universalism, and thus bar progress along the road laid down by the logic of historical development, and along which alone contemporary civilisation can advance. The degree of Anglo-American co-operation itself implies a choice in this basic orientation of policy, and attitudes towards that choice are different on the two sides of the Atlantic. The report, in glossing over this issue, necessarily leaves some impression of dealing with the waters on the surface and not the currents beneath. It none the less is most valuable as far as it goes and ought to be widely read: it is a pity it does not let itself go a bit further.

## Finding Nests. By Bruce Campbell. Collins. 12s. 6d.

Imagine yourself a member of the 'What's My Line?' panel, charged with identifying the vocation of a 'stoutly-booted, neutrally-tweeded gentleman carrying a 120-foot roll of Alpine climbing-rope (to which strips of white cloth have been tied at regular intervals), a fine saw, a stone attached to a piece of string, a length of telescopic tubing with a mirror ball-and-socketed at right angles to the tip, a pair of binoculars, an electric bulb on the end of a piece of flex, a large handkerchief, a bow and arrow with thread attached, a gun, a four-foot ashplant, some assorted strips of coloured wool, a camera, a pair of climbing irons, a pair of bathing trunks, a pair of tennis shoes, a pair of pottens, a compass, a crowbar and a rocket. He is, of course, that accurate and amiable ornithologist, Dr. Bruce Campbell, simply and economically equipped for the everyday contingencies of birds'-nesting. Not to beat about the bush, he is ready to beat about the bush—and any other avian habitat where a bird may have 'hoped' (if he will excuse the anthropomorphism) to conceal her eggs from his expert and penetrating eye.

One says 'eye' advisedly. This systematic yet readable, comprehensive yet pocket-sized, handbook is for people who want to *see* birds' eggs rather than collect them. A brief, commonsensical and often very witty Part One consists of three chapters on why we should bother to find nests at all, how we should set about finding them, and how we should look at them, in reasonable personal safety, once they have been found.

Finding a nest (concludes Dr. Campbell) is rather like playing a hole at golf. Your drive takes you to the locality suitable for the bird, an iron shot sees you in the right habitat, a nice approach carries you to the neighbourhood of the site, and your putt is the actual discovery of the nest.

Accordingly, Part Two, which catalogues every major British breeding bird under the headings Distribution, Season, Habitat, Nest Site, Nest and Methods of Detection, sets out to improve the amateur nester's game and lower his handicap. The Royal and Ancient analogy breaks down in one respect only. A golf instructor seeks to keep his pupil on the fairway. Dr. Campbell lures us enchantingly into the rough.

## Hitler's Table Talk 1941-1944. With an Introductory Essay on the Mind of Adolf Hitler

By H. R. Trevor-Roper.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

To students of Hitler these résumés of the Führer's conversation provide monotonous illustration of a mentality with which they are only too familiar. As Mr. Bullock and others have demonstrated, Hitler emerged from the first world war with a rigid system of ideas recorded a few years later in the form—or formlessness—of *Mein Kampf*; to the end of his life he never modified this scheme of things. Indeed, the extraordinary inflexibility of his mind combined with his emotional power over others may be regarded as the secret of his strength. Mr. Trevor-Roper is in search of some subtler formula and reproaches those who have studied Hitler's career for not being able to report upon his reading. It is known that many books passed through his hands, but the conversations recorded in this new publication confirm the supposition that the Führer's Pan-Germanism and his hatred of the Church date from his schooldays at Linz, and that he later skimmed through books in large numbers in search of anything which supported his views. One has seen the kind of thing which would have suited him best on the shelves of second-rate Austrian or Sudeten German teachers, largely written by themselves, but it has never seemed worth while to make careful lists of such books. And when Hitler said that he carried all of Schopenhauer about with him during the first war, one wonders how literally the statement should be taken.

*Hitler's Table Talk*, a longer version, from a slightly different source, of the *Tischgespräche* which were published in Germany two years ago, is perhaps useful for the clarity with which it shows that Hitler's mind was blocked by a series of life-long obsessions. Over and over again, even within a year of the Duce's fall, he harks back to his admiration for Mussolini coupled with his contempt for the Italian monarchy. He rails repeatedly against the Czechs, mocking at Hacha whom he intends to enthronise as the new Wenceslas, and gloating over the effect of his threat of the wholesale deportation of the Czech nation. (It is more remarkable to find that, among his intimates, Hitler spoke of the Czechs not merely as industrious but also as incorruptible.) A third motif is, of course, that of the necessity for the utterly ruthless colonisation of Russia by the German master race: it is to be a bigger and better conquest of India by the British—as conceived by Hitler.

It has often been suggested that the Führer, while finding him marvellously useful, was accustomed to make fun of Himmler and his ludicrous appearance. In the conversations recorded in *Hitler's Table Talk* there is certainly no evidence of ridicule. 'It was with Himmler', Hitler says, 'that the S.S. became that extraordinary body of men, devoted to an idea, loyal unto death. I see in Himmler our Ignatius



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It is unfortunate that translators from German invariably fail to realise that historical statements require a past definite tense in English.

### Politics in the Age of Peel: a Study in the Technique of Parliamentary Representation, 1830-1850.

By Norman Gash. Longmans. 45s.

This important book applies the Namier method to the period immediately after the first Reform Act, and shows both how out of touch are many accepted generalisations, and how much similar analytical work remains to be done in the localities, for a true conception of nineteenth-century realities to emerge. It is concerned not with political events but with the political structure on which the power of parliamentary leaders was based, by which their power was limited, and through which they had to meet national problems. Mr. Gash handles a mass of detail, and stresses the significant themes, in masterly manner: by detailed analyses of particular constituencies and single elections, chosen for their illustration of those themes, he describes the representative system and its working, the tensions and complexities of what was a slow passage from an aristocratic to a democratic society.

There was scarcely a feature of the old system that could not be found still in existence after 1832. Over forty pocket boroughs in England and Wales alone, with a dozen more regularly returning members of particular families, survived into the third quarter of the century. Even a liberal-minded reformer like Graham had no objection to sitting for such a borough. Political nomination was still the standard means of recruitment for the civil service: the government chief whip was still known as 'the Patronage' Secretary. Constituencies open to the highest bidder remained, indeed corruption spread into newly-created boroughs, and was expected and insisted upon by the electorate. Compromise elections, favouring local and personal interests against party discipline and strong government, long persisted. The composition of the Commons was decided almost as much by elections that were not contested as by those that were: only 190 of 401 constituencies went to the poll in 1841.

In politics, as in other human relationships, proximity could be a more seductive instrument than principle. Influence, based on mutual interest and obligation, persisted, neither entirely nor mainly due to coercion. As in all newly-enfranchised communities, the mass of voters took little interest in, indeed had little knowledge of, home and foreign affairs: they followed known personalities and known wishes—in the new industrial towns, a John Guest at Merthyr who sat from 1832 to his death in 1852. Nearly fifty boroughs and well over sixty members depended on the influence of great peers and landowners in England and Wales, though after 1832, borough magnates counted their seats in the singular rather than in the plural. 'Virtual' representation, and representation of 'interests', still continued; property remained the basis of representation; inconsistencies and illogicalities widely abounded.

Mr. Gash makes clear that the emergence of the party system in its modern form was ultimately the solvent of the old concept of 'the King's Government' on the one hand, and the channelling of public opinion on the other. Members had to become both the instruments of the electors for the expression of their will, and the instruments for carrying on the government. In party lay the secret of this combination

of functions. Both Conservative and Liberal parties emerged in this period, an age of clubs (the Carlton 1832 and the Reform 1836), registration societies, constituency associations, central party agents (whose position is well described). The general election of 1841 was the first in which the government of the day, previously holding a majority in the lower house, was defeated by a disciplined opposition, organised for electoral purposes by a neglected figure, F. R. Bonham, here brought to life by Mr. Gash. To begin with, party had to work through wealth, organisation, and existing influence. The social and personal position of the candidates remained the primary consideration; their political views, though important, were secondary. Rival programmes and past actions were as yet confined in their appeal. Party might be the vehicle for opinions and interests; it did not yet control them. Independence at Westminster was still possible when members were locally secure. The main problem for the future was the conformation of county and borough politics to party requirements. Here is the key to later transformation which still waits to be turned, the history of party organisation and development in the localities, the emergence of national rather than regional interests and policies, the replacement of local independence by central control and discipline.

### A Forgotten Kingdom. By Sir Leonard Woolley. Pelican Books. 2s. 6d.

If the name of Alalakh is now forgotten, it was never much remembered, for it was never much of a kingdom. But Sir Leonard Woolley here relates, with accustomed mastery and insight, his labours in seven campaigns of digging, before and after the recent war, to disinter its memory from the sites of its capital and of its port. They are now lonely places in a sparse bucolic district of North Syria, but once were the possessors of thick-studded towns and villages about the plain and the river upon which grew in later days the vast parvenue of Antioch. Site of the capital is Atshanah, a great mound still only fractionally explored, and oddly neighboured, just on the other side of the highway, by the equally imposing and still less explored hill of Tainat; the mere existence of two such human accumulations within a rifle-shot is itself a mystery which digging has done little to explain. Its port was at the mouth of the Orontes, where the present site of Al Mina yielded, by a strange chance, not Oriental but Greek antiquities.

Sir Leonard takes discovery and history one in each hand, and begins his story from two pre-historic villages, not Atshanah itself. The city of Alalakh was founded in late pre-historic times, and emerges by stages which can be partly demonstrated, but much more inferred, from material remains. The author makes the most of his resources, but it must be owned that Alalakh gains far more from the known history of western Asia than it contributes, and the narrator's weaving of the two strands is sometimes adroit rather than acceptable. Alalakh, as capital of a principality named Mukish, figured intermittently as a pawn in the 'world-politics' of Egypt, the Hittites, and the Hurrians, to the last of whom it belonged in the one century when its story is really known for a moment, the fifteenth before Christ, which produced the curious autobiography of a prince Idrimi, awkwardly composed and unskillfully chiselled upon a figure of amusingly naive barbarism now to be seen in the British Museum. Even the principal monument of Alalakh, its stepped and columned entrance to the palace, has a rather ineffectual air of pretension, not all attributable to ruin if, even in its flourishing days, as Sir Leonard believes, the dinner-dishes were run

across the courtyard and up the grand perron by a bevy of servitors. Alalakh's history and civilisation were of the North Syrian buffer-states between the 'great powers', but it had a distinctive population and character. Unfortunately it did not last long enough to be ruled by communicative Aramaeans.

### King Lear. Edited by Kenneth Muir. The Arden Shakespeare. Methuen. 18s.

William Aldis Wright, in the preface to his little eighteen-penny 'Lear' in 1875, answered objections that in his editions the notes were 'too exclusively of a verbal character'. He had deliberately excluded 'aesthetic notes' because he wanted to induce users of his editions to read and study Shakespeare rather than to 'become familiar with opinions about him'. These aesthetic notes 'are in reality too personal and subjective, and turn the commentator into a showman. With such sign-post criticisms I have no sympathy'. He adds that aesthetic notes 'are beside the scope and purpose of these books as vehicles of instruction and education'.

We have in seventy-seven years changed a good deal of all that. 'Showman' is no longer a term of abuse. We don't let on to pupils that we are instructing and educating them; so long as the little things 'appreciate', we don't give a row of pins whether they understand the meaning of the words or not. We examine them on the opinions of Bradley and Tillyard and Murry and Spurgeon and Wilson Knight and Ernest Jones and we're all for the personal and subjective. Bradley and Co. are in and Aldis Wright is out—and out of print and not likely to be reprinted.

Mr. Muir's edition replaces W. J. Craig's 1901 Arden edition; it contains much which Wright would like. We have in half a century (apart from altered attitudes towards sign-posts) learned much about sixteenth-century English and about the text of 'King Lear'. The *Oxford Dictionary* and the textual studies of Sir Walter Greg have seen to that. Mr. Muir provides many notes which are 'of a verbal character'; he searches for the meanings of words. He is good at the job himself and he can enter into the labours of Wright himself, of Onions and of the admirable Kittredge. Textually this edition improves on the work of all the editors who knew not Greg. And it is still not good enough. Greg's view is generally accepted—that the 1608 quarto of 'Lear' represents a memorial reconstruction of Shakespeare's text and that for a good text we go to the 1623 folio. This was printed from a copy of the quarto, altered by comparison with the prompt-book. Ignorant of how careful the alteration was, we must be content with Greg's statement, 'It is only when the readings of the two differ that there is any strong ground for supposing that the Folio preserves that of the prompt-book; the negative inference, that where the two agree the prompt-book had the same reading, is much weaker. And so we reach the remarkable conclusion that the testimony of the Quarto and Folio together is of appreciably less authority than that of the Folio alone'. Mr. Muir quotes this dictum; and in the fifth line of the play he flings it overboard. Quarto and folio differ, he notes that the folio's 'may be the correct reading'—and puts the quarto reading in his text. Far too often he is led astray by the super-subtleties of Mr. George Ian Dutchie; and his text ends by being, even if it is a better one, as eclectic as any pre-Greg text.

Mr. Muir is too easily led astray; he surrenders to a multitude of counsellors. His introduction tells that 'a psychiatrist who took part in a recent amateur production of the play commented on the clinical accuracy with which Shakespeare depicted Lear's manic state' and that a Mr. Danby 'goes on to suggest that





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RUPERT HART-DAVIS

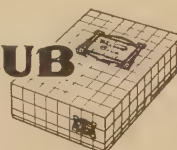
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Shakespeare was thus dramatising the conflict between medieval society and nascent capitalism'. (Aldis, art thou sleeping there below?) Such trifles, perhaps, tolerable in the introduction, should not clutter the notes on the text. The note on 'Come not between the Dragon and his wrath' reads:

*wrath*] the object of his wrath. But J. C. Maxwell suggests to me that 'the notion conveyed appears to be that of Lear's wrath as an extension of his personality—a sort of anthropologist's "mana"—his union with which must remain intact if he himself is to hold together. A dragon cannot be a dragon without his wrath. The kind of disintegration which Lear is afraid of is what actually takes place . . .

When Mr. Muir reads 'hey no nonny', there is Mr. J. M. Nosworthy who 'suggests, privately' that he should emend to 'Hieronimo'. Part of the note on 'the great Gods, That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads' is,

Mr. F. Kermode calls my attention to the *pothering pole* used in Herefordshire for knocking down cider apples. He suggests that Lear may be alluding to the shower of missiles from above when the pothering pole is plied. This, however, is improbable.

It was Mr. Muir's duty to save his reader from such improbabilities; he should have driven all these absurd fables from the bottom of his Arden.

And who is his reader? He seems to have taken too little care of this question. Is his edition for other professors? Is it for country-gentlemen steaming away in their tweeds by their firesides? Should it not be for sixth-form school-children and undergraduates? Mr. Muir will too often make such a *clientèle* giggle or look blank. An Arden editor ought surely to be a plodding, unimaginative scholiast, rather than an enlightened critic; his edition should be something on the same lines as, and more up to date than, Aldis Wright's. The young can, for their signposts, be directed to the Murrys and Knights. Suggestions about pothering poles and anthropologists' manas are all very well when tentatively put forward by the don or schoolmaster whom you know and can see to be fallible; in the coldness of type they turn to farcical *bêtises*.

Mr. Muir says 'no evidence has yet been produced that the Folio is made up of corrected and uncorrected sheets'. E. E. Willoughby years ago, and Charlton Hinman more recently, published such evidence. Mr. Muir transcribes poorly: his transcript of the title-page of the 1608 quarto silently omits four lines and into its own seven lines crams eight errors. The six lines of his reading of a Stationers' Register entry show seven differences from Greg's transcript of the entry.

Mr. Muir's edition is an unhappy failure—though it contains more good things than this review has the space to suggest. It fails because Mr. Muir brings to the labour of a scholastic Hercules the equipment of a too nimble and too credulous critical Mercury.

### My Political Life—Vol. I. England Before the Storm. By L. S. Amery. Hutchinson. 25s.

In his eightieth year Leopold Amery looks back as an unrepentant imperialist and tariff reformer on a full and energetic life. Though in another book, *Days of Fresh Air*, he has already told the story of his adventures as a mountaineer, this, his political autobiography, is written on a grand and leisurely scale; for in nearly 500 pages he only reaches the year 1914, before he became a Minister of the Crown. He was indeed born with a silver spoon in his mouth. An untypical Fellow of All Souls, by the age of twenty-five he was in charge both of the foreign and imperial pages of *The Times* and before he was thirty-four he was offered the posts both

of editor of *The Times* and of *The Observer*. But though he was an indefatigable journalist (he once wrote all the leading articles in *The Times* on the same day) his heart, if his recollections are to be trusted, was never in the newspaper profession. He quotes with approval a saying of Clemenceau: 'Il est toujours bon d'avoir été journaliste, pourvu qu'on s'en débarrasse'. But that is what the politician and not the true journalist feels. And Mr. Amery's destiny was politics.

Political autobiography is an unrewarding art. It is perhaps a moot point how far what must be largely a *réchauffé* of stale political controversies is a contribution to history. At the present time Free Trade seems as dead as a dormouse and it is difficult to summon up excitement over Irish Home Rule, the Marconi scandal, or even the Boer war. Of course the thoughts and moves of any actor in these events are of value, though Mr. Amery would admit that he stood chiefly on the side-lines. Still, one cannot fail to admire the vigour with which this fine old warrior chastises his mainly dead opponents. A footnote on page 252 in which he raps the late Lord Keynes for his irrelevancies about unemployment is well worth perusing. And Mr. Amery's opinions about his political colleagues like Bonar Law and Balfour are entertaining, though inevitably not novel. Those who have enjoyed seeing Mr. Amery in action as a fiery particle will be satisfied that some flavour of his character is embedded in his personal story. But one must hope that the next volume or volumes will be of more actual and historical interest representing a period when he moved more at the heart of affairs.

### Climate and the British Scene

By Gordon Manley. Collins. 25s.

The last century has seen a notable change in the appeal of weather science as a secondary pursuit for men of culture not professionally engaged in its study. This is evidenced by the list of the Royal Meteorological Society's presidents from 1850 onwards. For more than half of the time until about the close of the Victorian era the presidential chair was occupied either by an engineer or by a physician. Since 1901 no medical man and only one practising engineer has guided the destinies of the society. Outside the ranks of professional meteorologists and mathematical physicists, holders of the presidency in the last fifty years have included a naval officer, an army officer, a statistician, a publisher, and three geographers. One of these geographers is Gordon Manley, whose university teaching career has brought him southward from Durham by way of Cambridge to London, where he is now Professor of Geography at Bedford College for Women. Few Britons have explored their country more thoroughly than Professor Manley and fewer still have paid so much attention to the diversities of its climate. By virtue of his successive posts as mentor of the young idea he is well qualified to beguile instruction and to endow with life the dry bones of statistics. This he has done very successfully in the attractive work under review.

Starting with an account of the methods used for climatological study, of the elementary properties of 'our moist atmosphere' and of the different air masses responsible for the endless variety of our insular weather, the book proceeds to consider the influence of climatic vagaries on the British scene at the four seasons of the year, in the cities and towns, in the open country, by hill and dale, moor and mountain. Separate chapters deal with snowfall and with secular climatic change, in both of which subjects the author has specialised. The fourteenth and last chapter, 'Climate and Man', broaches inevitably the vexed question of the difference between

bracing and relaxing climates. Here Professor Manley cites learned physiological disquisitions on an unsolved problem which is complicated by the fact that not everyone recognises the distinction. There are among us men and women, young and old, who find the air of Bath or Torquay no less invigorating than that of Margate or Skegness, and to whom the terms 'bracing' and 'relaxing' mean nothing at all. Professor Manley says, guardedly, 'after all psychological factors have been discounted, there is on many occasions a stimulus to be perceived in the atmosphere of some localities which elsewhere is more or less lacking'. He speaks for the majority. The minority just mentioned might argue that the whole thing turns on environmental psychology and suggest that if any one of us were to be taken blindfold on a series of air tours over England and deposited, in irregular order of rotation, at Torquay, Margate, Bath, and Skegness, he would never be able to tell from the mere 'feel of the air' whether he was in Devon, Thanet, Somerset, or Lincolnshire on making landfall after each of his successive trips.

The book is lavishly and admirably illustrated. Of the eighty-one photographs reproduced to show aspects of the British scene under varying climatic conditions forty-one are colour prints, mostly by Cyril Newberry. A number of these are superb examples of skilled camera work at its best. In sorry contrast is the specimen of modern art chosen to decorate the dust-jacket; this is presumably meant to represent a landscape with clouds, but it much more resembles an uncompleted jigsaw puzzle. There are references to the effects of climatic stimulus on our national literature and painting, though none to its influence on British music. As Professor Manley points out, we are indebted to a composer from farther north, Sibelius of Finland, for having given musical expression to 'the tremendous majesty, persistence and interminable energy of the northern winter storms'. Why does his shivering magnificent prelude to Shakespeare's 'The Tempest' make its way so seldom into our concert programmes?

A few minor textual changes would be to the advantage of the next edition. In a work of this calibre it is regrettable to find, here and there, the solecisms 'warm temperature', 'cold temperature', and misuse of 'due to' as a compound preposition. On page 260 the author gives us to understand that there is no authentic record of August snow or sleet at inhabited levels in England. The archives of the Royal Meteorological Society for 1879 tell of such a happening at Princetown on Dartmoor towards the close of August in that year's dismally cold and wet summer.

### Speaking Poetry. By Geoffrey Crump. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

Some readers may think that too many things have been attempted in one book: a general justification of the speaking of poetry as a principal means of appreciation; a sketch of the nature of poetry; a short history of English poetry; an account of prosody and the technique of verse; a discussion of the verse-speaker's attitude to his material; and finally, a brief account of the mechanics of voice-production. Such a book inevitably contains generalisations and distortions over which an expert reader can but shake his head. The choice of poets for special consideration is inevitably arbitrary, and in his excessive concern with, for instance, Bridges, Mr. Crump shows himself not altogether free from the vice of over-valuing poetry which falls pleasantly on the ear. Nevertheless, he writes with wit and breadth of sympathy; the reader who is sufficiently protected by his own taste and knowledge will find much by which to test his own judgments.



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Future Indicative

THAT LUMINOUS glass goitre, the little people, the hallucinatory camera tricks, those curiously unpredictable facial distortions: one is visited by the idea that the uncomfortable genius of Jonathan Swift insinuated itself into the mental processes which gave us television. The science series from the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, spurred the notion. Now we know why rockets leave home, why so many people seem to want to live in London, so few in the Empire's outer spaces. Seen from rocket altitudes our earth looks a dreary abode. These telerecordings from America reaffirmed the terrible earnestness of science, more worrying even than the dizzying peeps it gave us over the world's edge. Pictorially, the recordings were a remarkable demonstration of the kind of exchange of information and experience that will doubtless be increasingly made between the two countries. Andrew Miller Jones, speaking too fast for Britain, was paired with Lynn Poole, speaking at the right pace for America; the partnership seems to have been full of polite harmony and, too, of promise for the future. Perhaps we must concede that there is gallantry in the scientific spirit which is not intimidated by the poet's thought that 'truth is eternities away'. Those soaring rockets, none the less, made one think of Swiftian javelins of satire.

The future has been much with us on television these last few days; a foil, it could be said, to the prevailing sentiment of the moment with its obsessive historical bias. 'Our Concern is the Future', prefaced by a title looking as if it had been drawn on a wall by a tramp, has mainly left us feeling vaguely concerned about those who must live in the future, whether the engineer's, the young cosmic-ray man's, or the young woman journalist's. The honours, if any, were hers. What she said in weight of opinion was not much but she succeeded in being self-assured without being self-assertive and the effect was pleasing. In terms of vital content the engineer had most to say, after a far from grip-

ping start. His line of prevision was that our future exports will consist chiefly of skills and techniques, a stimulating guess which chimes with the view that this country should set itself up as a university among the nations, dedicated to producing quality in men as in materials. The fact is that in their professed concern for the future these reflective new-generation people



One of the flower arrangements shown by Violet Stevenson in 'About the Home' on May 21

did not face the possibilities inseparable from any serious consideration of this country's position in the mid-century world. So the series lacks impact, and more than once we felt as if we were eavesdropping at a rehearsal. None of the speakers, in their twenties and thirties, seemed to have caught the spirit of the new Elizabethan age, which one hopes is capable of inspiring a greater cause than, say, smashing the sound barrier.

A great many of us, I fancy, enjoyed the B.B.C. Coronation films, designed to supply background pictures and information to audiences overseas as well as at home. There were touches of whimsy in the first, 'When the Queen is Crowned', which one could wish had been edited out, and more than once the documentary film technique showed up with bogus emphasis, but of the continuing interest and instructional value of the films there can be no doubt. They helped to set the scene for the great day with conspicuous pictorial success. Rooney Pelletier was well cast in his commentator role; as interviewer, too, he made his mark in dealing with a notably various array of personalities. Fair words also for another B.B.C. television film, 'Kingdom in the North', displaying the historical and topographical charms of north-east England, the former kingdom of Bernicia, stirring old dreams of an England gone back to the Heptarchy, with the Lord Lieutenants sporting their cock's feathers again and holding court in the local capitals. This film told its story without 'documentary' self-consciousness and without the intoned solemnities of 'Historic Houses of England'. The last in that series, 'Knowsley Hall', proved to be a good deal less beguiling to the eye than most of those that had gone before, perhaps for reasons of sheer ungoverned size.

Ask me which programme of the fortnight I enjoyed most and I shall recall 'Kings and Queens' from Burlington House, in which Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., and Sir Owen Morshead, the Queen's Librarian at Windsor Castle, discussed pictures and artists in the exhibition of that name, now sequestered by the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy. A happy and sometimes startling informality of expression and opinion marked the occasion. For instance, we had the P.R.A. exclaiming, when some peculiarity of a monarch's character was mentioned: 'Go on—that's fun'. And Sir Owen Morshead, reminding us that Charles I was five feet one inch in height and Charles II six feet, added in his distinguished voice: 'It was like getting rats out of mice', hardly in the best courtier tradition but contributing to the refreshing, jesting candour of this delightful conversation-piece.

'The Pattern of Marriage' has run its heavily



Sir Gerald Kelly, President of the Royal Academy (right), with Sir Owen Morshead, Librarian of Windsor Castle, in the programme 'Kings and Queens of England'

Right: The Library, Knowsley Hall; a film on this mansion, the home of the Earl of Derby, was shown in the television programme on May 21







Scene from 'Will Shakespeare', with Peter Wyngarde as Shakespeare and Wilfrid Lawson as Henslowe, a strolling player



Margaret Barton as the young Queen Victoria and Veronica Turleigh as Baroness Lehzen in 'Victoria of England' in Children's Television

factual course, rounded off with a routine woman's paper clinch of reconciliation. Its producer, Caryl Doncaster, has shown great sincerity, encouraging the hope that her next theme will be less prosaic.

REGINALD POUND

## DRAMA

### Tush, 'twill Not Appear

SHAKESPEARE ALWAYS RAISES television problems and did so twice this week, once in *propria persona* in Clemence Dane's romantic fiction, once as the voice which speaks for Harry, England and St. George. Miss Dane's piece is full of ghosts; how ought ghosts to appear where the real people are, anyway, such insubstantial shadows? Here they seemed all too solid and the scene where the yet unborn characters press and circle about the bard was highly absurd *qua* television (whereas on sound only it would have been perfectly acceptable). Some of the casting was capricious and there was almost too much fluting and harpsichording, pretty though Mr. Addinsell's confections were. If our spirit too drooped now and again, one could remind oneself that there are many worse plays about Master Will; indeed that this is perhaps the best and least wooden. But into television plays which present known figures and great queens, there enters always an extra element of disbelief. It is one thing to sound reasonably like Queen Bess, another to look it as well, from close.

As for the 'Henry V' it was undergraduate, drill-hall Shakespeare on a high level of competence, well voiced but acted physically with the limitations you would expect in those who have little enough skill in stage acting, let alone acting for television; tense and sneering looks had to serve to convey many emotions. The excellent producer Michael Macowan, in a puff preliminary, advanced reasons for thinking television might win us a new intimacy with Shakespeare; 'contact with the players' as at the Globe and so on.

I concede that there is something in this theory, and, provided that we are not subjected to boy scout Cleopatras, that there is value in approaching more nearly to the Elizabethan modes of stagecraft. But much nonsense also results; the virtues of intimacy can be greatly over-estimated, as anyone will know who has sat through one of those school Caesars where Brutus and Cassius exchange cardboard blows across the back of one's head. Not that these

players, some earnest and good, some merely earnest, strayed from their marks. But it wasn't an occasion to test the intimacy theory. Shakespeare on the screen, like opera, has a vast set of special problems which are worrying us all the time. The scenery-less manner used in this 'Henry' might, I suppose, be considered superior to the 'cut to Willow growing aslant a brook' style of the film, but it was also unhelpful. 'O! do but think you stand upon the rivage', etc., is all very well in the theatre. But if you can do it by imagination, then what's the use of television at all and all those pictures of waves pounding the shingle at St. Mary's Bay or somewhere?

It seems no time at all since I saw Miss Lily Kann as the *ci-devant* Duchess of Kent fussing young Queen Weekey in playlets by Housman. But as another queen (Hamlet's mama) points out, things have a way of cropping up in dozens once they start, and here was Miss Kann again in a play on a similar theme by Jonquil Antony. I hope this energetic actress is not going to be type-cast always. Margaret Barton as Victoria, Veronica Turleigh as Lehzen, were quite as life-like as was needed for the Children's Hour, for

which daily effort one should apply—and has no difficulty in so doing—other standards.

Though not often part of my job, 'Lisure and Pleasure' sometimes lures me from the sunshine to see the bright Miss Heal receiving the guests and—better still—getting rid of them again. Sometimes a good idea goes sadly awry; in this number it was an interview with Arthur Dulay, greatest of silent cinema pianists, a wonderful artist in a rather special field, whose vampirings of Tosti and Ketelby not only added a whole new dimension of eloquence to actors silent as giraffes, but, I suspect, firmly laid the basis of the new operatic revival. I was greatly looking forward to hearing him render (the word is the inevitable choice) music suitable to go with a parcel of old emotional flickerings. A few old films, and Mr. Dulay could have made up a delicious programme. Instead, we had gigglings, unrehearsed effects and hardly a single point made. But it might be tried again, surely.

Is it not high time that 'What's My Line?' were rested? Even the best game grows wearisome after a while and last Sunday's effort was generally embarrassing.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## Sound Broadcasting

## DRAMA

### Life and Death

IT IS A WEBSTERIAN figure that says, 'O, that it were possible we might but hold some two days' conference with the dead!' During some two hours in his play of 'Lazarus' (Third), André Obey invites us, in effect, to 'learn somewhat I never shall know here'. Obey is rarely trivial in choice of theme. Long ago he disposed of Noah. In 'Lazarus', another work of rather self-conscious simplicity, he has extended the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel. He does not attempt to show the miracle. Those events are reported to us, through Martha's talk with a maidservant, before Lazarus reaches home. Later in the play much is concerned with the nature of death (more than a sound slumber and a long good-night). Lazarus, at first, is death-in-life: he is unwilling, after the revelation of the tomb ('Death alone exists') to be returned to life's 'lying restlessness'. 'They planted me in the tomb', he says to the Gravedigger, 'and then someone came and pulled me out by the roots'. He has to be restored a second time. He has come from the grave; now Jesus must summon in him



Colin George as Henry V and Bernadette Sorel as Princess Katharine of France in 'King Henry V'





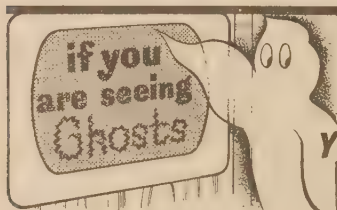
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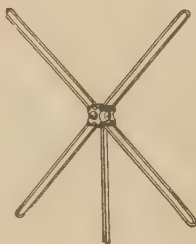
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a will to live, and we hear at last—in the man's own house—a second command, 'Come, Lazarus, rise and walk'.

Translator (Gerard Hopkins in his miracle-working fashion), cast, and producer (E. J. King Bull) have striven for their author. It was not their fault if the play, in Sunday's performance, seemed seldom very moving. One was detached from events, aware of the dramatist as he weighed and measured and selected at his desk. Fortunately, Paul Scofield could give his own piercing quality to Lazarus; we can trust Scofield to get to the heart of a matter without striking portentous attitudes. The agony in his voice at certain moments on Sunday—early in the long talk with Jesus, for example—is the permanent memory of this production. Deryck Guyler, as Jesus, sustained his share in M. Obey's dialectics.

Having missed that other matter of life-and-death, 'A Tale of Two Cities', when it was broadcast first, I came to it (Light) with the ardour of a Dickensian, but with a mild doubt. Most versions had developed into melodramas of the purple patch. No complaints now. The dramatists, Terence Rattigan and John Gielgud, had had to condense, but they had condensed tactfully, and their dialogue was supple. (Thus, for one small example, Carton's '... and mind no other object' in his talk with the little seamstress became '... and look at nothing else'.) Eric Portman, who acted Carton with gentle firmness, had some unexpected tasks. He conducted the Old Bailey cross-examination instead of Stryver; and, later, he hit Stryver when the pushing fellow (who, in the book, 'had thought better of that marrying matter') did propose to Lucie. All changes were justifiable; after Carton had spoken his last words and the recording (Cleland Finn's production) had ended, we had to agree that this 'Tale' was a far, far better thing than we had known before.

Life-and-death, too, in 'Goddess and God' (Home). 'We show our deepest wisdom in contempt for death', says Julius Caesar on the Ides of March. John Balderston's play—directed with sympathy by Val Gielgud—is, as it must be, something to raise the echoes. Here are Caesar and Cleopatra (at the end the Queen is in Rome during the spring of 44 B.C.), Marcus Antonius and Marcus Brutus. Listeners, Shakespeare and Shaw foaming on their lips (or in handily-disposed cribs), waited darkly by their sets. They heard an in-and-out play, notable less for any fastidious verse—Mr. Balderston would not claim to be a major poet—than for its logical development of character; the chances it gave to Irene Worth to indicate everything that Granville-Barker saw in the Cleopatra of another play (she must be quick, imperious, mischievous, a whole race of epithets), and to Richard Williams to be a Caesar 'bold, royal, and loving'. There, also, epithets could stream: the main thing was that the man lived in our minds.

Two things occurred to me during the revival of 'The Farmer's Wife' (Home) by that honoured nonagenarian, Eden Phillpotts. First, the comedy—plenty of life still; no hint of death—has become popularly established as a night out for its crab-apple, Churdles Ash of Little Silver. Cedric Hardwicke, the earliest London Churdles, filled the Devon sky. It was a matter of personality: though it did not harm the comedy, it did disturb its balance. In the radio revival Churdles, who has a small part, took his right place. Secondly, one noticed yet again Phillpotts' treatment of Devon speech, proving that rustic-comedy writing does not depend upon a run of nubbly dialect words—those tooth-gritting plum-stones—but on the rhythm and 'curl' of a phrase. The production was efficient.

Finally, we add Coleridge to Michael Hardern's list. In 'A Smack of Hamlet' (Third),

another of Michael Innes' Shakespeare 'Discoveries', he held us through all those meanderings with a mazy motion.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Omnium Gatherum

I ALWAYS TRY to impose some sort of shape and coherence on these weekly reflections, but weeks come when the ineradicable diversity of human interests rout this laudable ambition, and last week was one of them. Here, then, is the best I can do—a few disjointed notes.

Some weeks ago I fell foul of broadcast No. 3 of the series called 'Frankly Speaking', in which a well-known person is hailed before a board of three interviewers. Since then, as was only fair, I have listened to two others, in one of which Sir Gerald Kelly figured, and the other—last week's—Rebecca West. The effect of these two broadcasts was very different from No. 3 simply because Sir Gerald and Miss West had much more to say for themselves than M. René Clair. One felt that if the board—fogbound perhaps, or indisposed—had failed to turn up, Miss West and Sir Gerald would each have carried on alone, whereas M. Clair would have considered that there was no occasion for him to speak and gone quietly home. It was evident, indeed, that Sir Gerald Kelly, if the need had arisen, would have continued to talk till the Home Service's bedtime at 11.3 app. because he enjoys talking. No wonder, with a visitor who played up so lavishly, that the broadcast was a success. Miss West, on the other hand, talked because she was anxious to answer the questions put to her as honestly and clearly as possible, and it was this that made her so good to listen to. For her there was no question of putting up a show but simply of co-operating in the broadcast. At the same time she routed a silly question even more effectively than M. Clair did. The interview, as I have remarked before, is a difficult and precarious form and, although Jack Davies performs his introductions of person and board unexceptionably, I cannot yet feel that the board have seriously faced the problem before them. They sound, each time, unprepared, hesitant and embarrassed—a condition which, of course, communicates itself to me.

Talking about music is not music, and I consider myself free to say that I have listened now and then to William Glock's 'Studies in Music Criticism' with interest and enjoyment. He talks well and has a well-stocked mind, and his final talk on 'The Critic Today' faced the predicament of the contemporary music critic with courage tempered by a very proper caution.

Professor C. H. Williams on 'The Holy Oil' and the ritual anointing of monarchs from the earliest known instance brought much curious and interesting detail to this topical theme; and there was a quiet charm in Kenneth de Lanerolle's description, in 'Southern River', of his childhood in Ceylon. 'A Portrait of Western Man', sub-titled 'A Lecture', in which Lionel Trilling, the American novelist and critic, spoke of Jane Austen, Dickens, and D. H. Lawrence as typical of their periods in the persons and problems they presented, was full of striking suggestions, though sometimes, I thought, a trifle portentous in tone. As a lecture it would have come off perfectly, but heard as a broadcast I found, as it advanced, that a certain monotony in Mr. Trilling's delivery made it difficult for me to keep my attention on the alert.

Short stories are in short supply nowadays, but last week the Third and the Home each doled us out one. 'Pug and the Tinker', by Diana Ross, described as a story for adults or children, was a highly entertaining affair. It had the form and the total simplicity of a folk tale and it was written in that brand of Irish which I find

irresistible, especially when put across as it was by Denis McCarthy. But it didn't rely on Irish to disarm criticism: even if Miss Ross had written it in stark English it would have stood firmly on its feet. On the other hand 'The Love of Brother Thomas' by Modwena Sedgwick seemed to me a story bred not of imagination but of fancy, and the fancy lacked the phantasy which alone could have made it credible. It had, besides, an archness and a sentimentality which I was unable to digest.

The delightful 'Portrait Sketch' of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch by Hugh Sykes Davies has already appeared in THE LISTENER. Its author read it as well as he wrote it. A talk of a different kind, but which also contained an attractive thumb-nail portrait sketch, was 'O. G. S. Crawford and Field Archaeology' by Sir Mortimer Wheeler, an excellent broadcaster.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## MUSIC

### Consecutive Fifths

LAST WEEK some of us were able to hear two performances of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. I say some of us, because of the stations available to me one was relaying on Wednesday a performance by the Sale and District Musical Society of Ethel Smyth's 'Boatswain's Mate', which (it is true) makes a jocular quotation from Beethoven's first movement, while another was occupied by the celebration in Welsh of the poet, Pedrog. So I had to listen to Cantelli's performance on the least satisfactory wavelength, and it was subject to some interference and distortion. This was a pity, for it was obviously a fine performance and one that corrected some misconceptions (as they seem to me) about the proper handling of the Symphony as exemplified in Rafael Kubelik's interpretation earlier in the week.

Kubelik has often shown himself to be such a good conductor, especially of Czech music—he gave an excellent account of Janáček's extraordinary and fascinating Sinfonietta in the Third Programme—that his lapses in Beethoven's Symphony were the more surprising and disappointing. In the first place, I should have thought that it was an axiom with all good musicians, that the three quavers of the famous opening phrase must be played in *tempo*. They must, indeed, establish the pace at which the whole movement is to go. To play them at half the speed of the main *tempo* is to remove the double statement of this phrase out of its context, as though it were a slow introduction, which is evidently not what Beethoven wanted, else he would have indicated his intention. This initial mistake was not the only example of a striving after cheap effect in the performance. The playing of the B.B.C. Orchestra often sounded coarse and brutal, especially in the finale which was lacking in its true dignity and grandeur. The Trio of the Scherzo was rattled off at a pace, which was not indeed too hot for the players, but which deprived the music of its true weightiness.

Despite poor reception, it was possible to be sure that the playing of the Philharmonia Orchestra under Cantelli was of a far higher order. The horns in particular covered themselves with glory, while the lead into the finale, with its sudden blaze of C major from the whole orchestra, was magnificently done. Cantelli played no tricks with the music; he seemed concerned to present Beethoven's score with the greatest possible intensity of feeling, but without imposing upon it personal glosses for the purpose of creating an 'original' interpretation.

In the same programme Cantelli gave a wonderfully vivid performance of Dvořák's Fifth Symphony, 'From the New World', with supple,

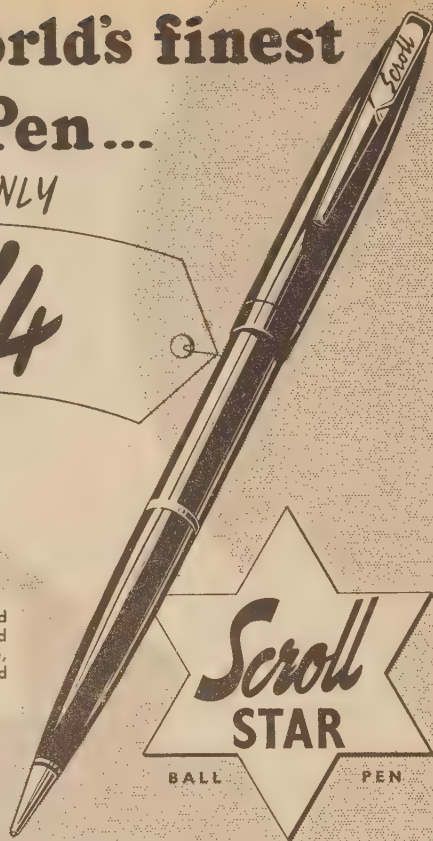


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shapely phrasing and a sure sense of climax, so that there was no cause to complain of the hackneyed character of these two consecutive Fiftths. It must not be supposed that this brilliant conductor can never put a foot wrong. A splendid performance of Brahms' Symphony in C minor, given in the previous week, was a little marred by such things as the excessive slowing-down of the pace at the end of the first movement in anticipation of the return of the introductory *Sostenuto*.

Aptly on the eve of Whitsun, Elgar's 'The Kingdom' followed the recent broadcast of 'The Apostles', both being directed by Sir

Malcolm Sargent. Hearing again these vast compositions, which are more in the nature of a series of huge mural frescoes depicting sacred subjects than dramatic oratorios, one is not surprised that the composer abandoned his original design and turned his attention to symphony. Beautiful or magnificent as are many passages in these works, they are generally too close in style to what passed for religious art—and still, alas! often does. The phrase, oft repeated in 'The Kingdom', to which the words 'In the Name of Jesus Christ' are set is the musical counterpart of the plaster image painted in thick, dull colours.

The week ended with performances under John Pritchard's direction of Falla's 'Nights in the Gardens of Spain' and Strauss' 'Ein Heldenleben'. Harriet Cohen's playing of the pianoforte part in Falla's work has always been one of her best performances and she came up to expectation, but the conductor did not seem to find the Spanish idioms easy to present fluently. Strauss' huge work was squarely built as it were with Cyclopean blocks, and the result was too heavy and turgid. As Beecham and Krauss have shown, this score needs delicate and limpid handling to reveal its full beauty.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## Elizabethan Opera

By DYNELEY HUSSEY

Rossini's opera, 'Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra,' will be broadcast on June 1 at 7.30 p.m. in the Third Programme

THROUGH the generosity of Radio Italiana, who have made a special recording of it as a Coronation gift to the Third Programme, we are to have the opportunity of hearing 'Elisabetta, Regina d'Inghilterra', the opera with which Rossini made his debut at the San Carlo Theatre, Naples, in October 1815. At the age of twenty-three he had already gained an enormous success with 'Tancredi' and had composed a now forgotten opera with a well-remembered overture, 'Aureliano in Palmira'. He was summoned to Naples by Domenico Barbaja, the remarkable impresario, who dominated Italian opera during the first part of the nineteenth century. Beginning life as a café-waiter in Milan, Barbaja had made a small fortune out of a delicious concoction of ice-cream and coffee, which he invented, and a large one out of the gaming-rooms attached to the Scala Theatre. With his profits he secured the rights of the San Carlo Theatre, and he managed the Scala as well, thus combining under his direction the two premier theatres of Italy.

The subject chosen for Rossini's Neapolitan debut was the story of Queen Elizabeth I and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, as narrated by a now forgotten novelist named Sophia Lee, in *The Recess, A Tale of Other Times*, published in 1785. The novel had been used as the basis of an Italian play, and from this play the libretto was adapted. The main elements of the plot will not be wholly unfamiliar to readers of Scott, whose *Kenilworth* presents the story in a more distinguished style and with a greater regard for historical facts.

It would, however, be foolish to look for historical facts in an opera-libretto of this period. The listener will be wise to forget anything he has learnt from the history-books and regard the opera as a romantic entertainment, whose principal figures happen to bear famous names. The choice of the English subject may, one supposes, have been influenced by the recent victory at Waterloo. At the same time, it should be remembered that the operatic annals of the early nineteenth century are littered with names associated with English and, especially after the vogue of the Waverley novels, with Scottish history or legend—'Ginevra di Scozia', 'Anna Bolena', 'Lucia di Lammermoor', 'Ivanhoe', and 'Emilia di Liverpool'. For Italy had been smitten with the Romantic fever, one of whose symptoms was a preoccupation with the exotic and the barbarous. We must reconcile ourselves to the fact that to Mediterranean man our great historical figures fulfilled these requirements.

The particular example of romantic fiction, with which we are concerned, opens with the

popular rejoicings at the return of the Earl of Leicester from a successful campaign against the Scots. Only the Duke of Norfolk shows displeasure at Leicester's success and influence with the Queen, who presently enters to welcome her favourite. Leicester presents to her the young Scottish nobles whom he has taken as hostages for the good behaviour of their relatives across the border, but he is disconcerted to see among them, in male disguise, Matilda, his wife, and her brother, Henry.

As Leicester in a later scene imprudently explains to his enemy, Norfolk, he met Matilda while sheltering in a shepherd's cottage, and fell in love with her, supposing her to be the shepherd's daughter. When, however, it transpired that she was of royal Scottish lineage, he married her. This interesting information Norfolk at once conveys to the Queen, who summons Leicester to her presence, confronts him before the whole court with the disguised Matilda, and offers him the Crown of England and her own royal hand in marriage. When Leicester declines this honour, the outraged Queen furiously denounces Leicester as a traitor. This scene provides the finale of the first act.

The second act opens with Matilda signing a renunciation of her claims on Leicester under menaces from Elizabeth. Leicester is then brought in and confronted with this document. But he is not prepared to buy his life at the price of love, and tears up the paper. Elizabeth and Matilda are left to mourn their plight in thirds and sixths. Meanwhile, Norfolk, who has received a sentence of banishment as a reward for revealing Leicester's marriage, is hatching revenge. He visits Leicester in prison, where he awaits execution for treason, and allays Leicester's natural suspicions by revealing to him that Matilda and her brother are waiting outside the door. Before they can be introduced, however, the Queen arrives to say farewell to her fallen favourite. She reveals that Norfolk was his accuser before the court which condemned him and whose sentence she has approved. Norfolk, who had hidden in the shadows at her approach, hearing his perfidy revealed, draws his dagger and attempts to stab Elizabeth. But his action is frustrated by Matilda and Henry, who have been watching from the doorway. In gratitude for her rescue, the Queen relents, pardons Leicester, and restores him to his wife. As the chorus enters to acclaim the splendid Queen and the vindicated hero, Elizabeth vows to cast love out of her heart and devote herself to the business of good government.

These noble sentiments are expressed in brilliant runs and elaborate *fioriture*. For 'Elisa-

betta' is, first and last, a singers' opera of a type we rarely, if ever, hear nowadays. The part of Elizabeth was written for Isabella Colbran, the prima-donna of the San Carlo, a handsome Spaniard, whom Rossini later married, though she was seven years his senior. She was a mezzo-soprano with a compass from A below middle C to high B, and was at the height of her powers in 1815. Matilda, sung by the *seconda donna*, is the true soprano part. Another feature of the music, which will strike modern hearers as odd and may make the identification of the various characters difficult in a broadcast performance, is the fact that all the men are tenors. Rossini is said to have wished, as seems natural, to cast Norfolk as a bass. But the bass voice had not yet come into its own, and Norfolk was sung by Manuel Garcia, another Spaniard and the founder of a dynasty of great singers.

Apart from its interest as an exhibition of vocal art at its highest development, 'Elisabetta' has some historical importance as the first opera in which Rossini abandoned the use of *recitativo secco* with keyboard accompaniment altogether, and also the first in which he wrote out all the embellishments of the voice-parts, hitherto left by Italian composers to the taste and capabilities of the singers. These were important reforms leading to the enhancement of the orchestra's contribution and to a curbing of the vanity and bad taste of the average singer. They were steps in the direction of transforming opera once more from a virtuoso exhibition into a musical-dramatic work of art.

As a footnote, perhaps listeners had better be warned that, if the overture to 'Elisabetta' strikes a strangely familiar note, they should not imagine that the programme has been changed or that the B.B.C. has been subjected to a hoax. This overture had already served for the Milanese opera 'Aureliano' and has since acquired other associations.

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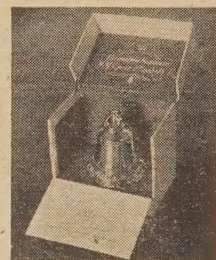
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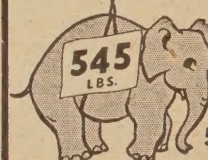
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For the Housewife

# Planning for Picnics

By RUTH DREW

THERE are all sorts of jars and boxes you can buy in which to pack food nowadays, and I find that, with a few of these containers, it is possible to ring all kinds of changes on the theme of packed meals. For example, you can have cold scrambled egg, whisked round while it is cooling, with a little top of the milk to make it smooth and creamy. If you like mixtures, you can add to the egg diced ham or bacon, little snippets of sausage or rabbit, flakes of smoked haddock, a few shrimps, chopped pimento, or olives, chives, or green peas.

Another good mixture on these lines has a basis of cooked rice. You can treat the rice to a dressing—mayonnaise or French—and then put in, say, sardine and sliced tomato. Also appetising are flaked tinned salmon or tunny fish, and hard-boiled egg, with a few capers, and chopped spring onions.

As for salad with this kind of packed meal, potato salad is one possibility. A green salad keeps crisp if it is washed and shaken as dry as possible and packed in one of these containers. But what my family often does is to make a few sandwiches to eat with the spooned-up mixture, and make the sandwich filling a salad—cucumber, say, or lettuce heart, or watercress.

Plastic containers also do well for the second course of a packed meal. They will carry anything from a rice pudding to stewed fresh

fruit. And what could be more refreshing on a picnic than a jarful of sugared grapefruit or orange? And talking of sugar reminds me: for a packed meal on a journey with children I think some glucose sweets are worth taking.

I am sure you will agree that sandwiches must be really well filled, and neatly made from trimmed slices of fresh bread. My family likes finely sliced pork sausage—cold fried or grilled ones—with some thick apple sauce lightly smoothed over the slices. If you have a tin of peaches open, try a cream-cheese sandwich, with sliced peach in it, and a halved walnut placed here and there. To make sandwiches well in advance and still keep them fresh, wrap them up in plenty of greaseproof paper the moment they are made, then wrap the parcel in a clean, very damp cloth and keep it in a cool place.

## Notes on Contributors

VIOLET MARKHAM, C.H. (page 863): formerly Chairman of the Central Committee on Women's Employment and Deputy Chairman of the Assistance Board; author of *South Africa Past and Present*, *Paxton and the Bachelor Duke*, *May Tennant*, etc.

ROGER FULFORD (page 865): historian, author of *Queen Victoria*, *The Prince Consort*, *George IV*, etc.

REV. CHARLES SMYTH (page 867): Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, since 1946; author of *Dean Milman*, *The Friendship of Christ*, *Religion and Politics*, etc.

LAWRENCE E. TANNER (page 869): Keeper of the Muniments and Library, Westminster Abbey, since 1926; author of *Unknown Westminster Abbey*, *Westminster School: A History*, etc.

C. H. WILLIAMS (page 875): Professor of History, University of London; author of *The Modern Historian*, *The Making of the Tudor Despotism*, etc.

G. J. RENIER (page 877): Professor of Dutch History and Institutions, University of London; author of *History, Its Purpose and Method*, *The Dutch Nation*, *An Historical Study*, *The English: Are They Human?*, etc.

HONOR CROOME (page 881): economist and journalist; author (with W. G. King) of *The Livelihood of Man*, *The Approach to Economics*, etc.

NORMAN BAYNES, D.Litt. (page 883): Emeritus Professor of Byzantine History, University of London; author (with Dr. Elizabeth Dawes) of *Three Byzantine Saints*, *The Byzantine Empire*, *Constantine the Great and the Christian Church*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,204. Coronation Chaplet. By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, June 4

Some part of each clue defines one, or two, words (A) of the number of letters indicated after it. In each clue there is also one other word (B), (in clue 21, two words), either standing alone or hidden in other words. The letters of the word (B) are to be deleted, in their normal order, from the word(s) (A), leaving four letters in each case. These letters are

to be entered in the diagram, from centre to circumference, except when R follows the number of the clue, then the direction is reversed, e.g., 'Psalm singing at quiet meals (4, 4)'—the words (A) are CALM TEAS; the word (B) is ALMS and the letters to insert are CTEA. When there are two words (A), each is separately defined in the clue, but the two words are unrelated. One accent is to be ignored in arriving at an answer. Reading clockwise, starting at 1 in the outermost circle, there is an appropriate quotation, followed by the name of the poem. When space 30 is reached in the outermost circle, the quotation follows on into space 1 of the next circle and so on. The innermost circle contains the jumbled letters of the name of the author.

### CLUES

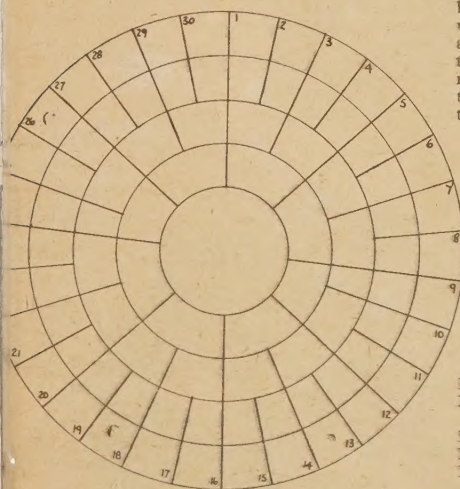
- To subdue men you need vaster powers (10).
- Gus is such a vaporous fellow (7).
- Offer all enemies of the sovereign pardon (4, 5).
- This is simply to become bone (6).
- A shire observing festivities, not counting the cost (6, 6).
- A line on a map shows the Coronation Route (7).
- The English throne will last (6).
- The refrain will be 'God save the Queen' (6).
- Hail her with sounds formed by the lips (7).
- Title of one of an early class of anchores (7).
- Many will wait in the open to see the State Coach (4, 3).
- Lively dances in decorated ball-rooms (8).
- Row with an oar on the ancient lake (3, 4).
- If you hurry, there's time to get artificial silk (4, 5).
- Use common-sense; but it's worth little in Japan (4, 3).
- Some wear tails with lace edging (7).
- A small mushroom from the valley in his bundle (6, 4).
- Scottish river, peak and forest (5, 3).

- Our virile people tingled with excitement (8).
- An unusual dash puzzles readers of the Qur'an (5, 4).
- A yeoman who will not be far from the Queen (9).
- This skiff is a curse in Cuban waters (6, 3).
- Mr. Gielgud is a seeker after austereness in drama (3, 7).
- Elegant reflorescence of Chinese magnolia plant (5-4).
- Scar from burning with a hot iron (7).
- Poet who said that Hell is a city like London (7).
- Showing contempt by singing ribald songs (8).
- The wealthy have an option on the best seats (7).
- A falcon perches on a minaret (8).
- As a Scot Edinburgh's festivities satisfied him (9).

## Solution of No. 1,202

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
M	E	T	A	M	O	R	P	H
10	A	M	A	R	A	N	T	H
11	R	T	U	A	L	G	H	E
12	B	T	R	I	A	L	R	I
13	L	A	C	U	S	R	I	N
14	E	T	C	H	I	N	G	I
15	R	U	S	E	L	A	I	D
16	E	R	E	L	A	I	S	E
17	A	N	O	Y	N	A	P	A
18	S	I	V	A	N	D	I	O
19	E	T	E	H	E	R	A	C
20	D	Y	N	A	C	T	I	N

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. C. Payn (Saltcoats); 2nd prize: Mrs. J. M. Mernagh (Bath); 3rd prize: C. L. Barham (Farnham)



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....





From far and near the festive throng  
Arrived on the festive morn  
And along with the throng (some millions strong)  
Were the Lion and the Unicorn.

They had fought, these two, in a story book  
To make a Nursery Rhyme,  
But now, for a long time friends, they took  
Their seats together, on time.

And as the procession came toward  
The stand where their places lay,  
The shouting soared and the Lion roared  
And the Unicorn neighed Hooray!



**Batchelors**  
WONDERFUL **Foods**



The hours have sped and it's time they fed.  
They walk back licking their lips.  
They had breakfasted while the dawn was red  
And lunched on a bag of chips.

And so, for the end of a perfect day,  
Their supper, like ours, includes  
A specially gay and delicious array  
Of Batchelors Wonderful Foods.



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